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WINGS TO BEAT

By . . .
FRANK NUNN

STARTLING crimes have occurred on an Australian Air Force training station. **FLIGHT - LIEUTENANT OWENS** is shot dead. **SQUADRON - LEADER TERRY O'DANIEL** is wounded; and when **SQUADRON-LEADER DON ROOKE** is driving back from town with pretty **NURSE DAWN SHANNON**, they are fired on by men in a stolen car.

DETECTIVE BLOOM is investigating, and Don's own suspicions point to **PILOT - OFFICER "DUTCHY" VAN GROOT**, and to an ancient monastery with which, he learns, Owens and Dutchy have been mysteriously connected. He is doubly concerned about Dutchy, as Dawn confided to him that she and Dutchy are engaged.

After the attack on Don's car, **MORRIS ROGERS**, young engineer engaged on construction work at the station, tells Don that Dutchy was in town that night with an unknown foreigner.

Now read on:

DON borrowed Terry's car again and went into town, straight to the hotel where the officers put up on their week-end leave.

He knew the manager, who answered to the name of Mac, and found him in the beer-garden sitting at a little lacquered table beneath a bright sun umbrella.

Mac said, staring at Don's face, "You look as if you've been peppered with shot instead of bullets. How do you feel?"

Don sat down. "Fine."

Mac said, "I've just ordered a schooner. Shall I double it up?"

Don nodded, and Mac pressed a button.

"Your face reminds me of a story," said Mac. "Stop me if you've heard it—"

He told a funny story and followed it with another. Don was amused and patient. He had to approach Mac gradually with his questions. He matched Mac's story and ordered more drinks. Then he said, "I heard a good one the other night. It was told by a friend of Van Groot's—that foreign-looking chap he was running round with on Saturday. Now what was his name?"

He screwed up his eyes in an effort to think.

Mac said, "I saw Mr. Van Groot with a dark chap early on Saturday night. They were drinking in the bar. He's a stranger to these parts."

"Isn't he staying here?"

Mac shook his head. Don felt disappointed. He said, "I'd like to meet him again. I wonder where he's staying."

"Mr. Van Groot would know," said Mac carelessly. "What was his story?"

Don manufactured one. He was wondering now what to do. He couldn't very well inquire at the other hotels for a dark man, foreign looking, who was a friend of Dutchy's.

Presently he left, and drove round the streets hoping that he would see somebody answering to the description he had. But his hopes were not fulfilled and he returned to the station.

On the way back he had to slow down to allow an open truck which was swinging wide to turn into the road he and Dawn had taken to the mission. The truck was loaded with opened oil drums, and Don guessed they were filled with refuse from the

station. There were two natives on the seat. They flashed Don a dazzling smile.

Don thought, that must be the mission truck. It's the monks' turn with the garbage this week. I wonder if that'll mean anything.

It was still light, but the sun was setting. He wondered whether Charlie the half-caste, who claimed to have heard the shooting on Saturday night, had passed the turn-off before being picked up by the farmer, and, if so, whether he had seen the car going back to town. He thought, I must remember to find that out. And I must ask Bloom where the stolen car was found—the town side or the station side of the turn-off.

On his arrival back at the station he ran the detective to earth in the ante-room of the mess.

"Where have you been?" the detective demanded testily. Don sat down. "To town."

"You ought to have more sense than to gallivant round the country-side in the dark."

It was only just dusk, but Don did not correct this monstrous misstatement. He said, "I acted on the comforting assumption that you had all the suspects roped in, anyway, and had probably made your swoop."

Bloom grunted. "Maybe they were lined up, but I made no kill. But I haven't finished with them yet. I've had a score of them confined to barracks for a week."

"Good," said Don. "So everything's under control. As a gesture I think I'll go to town to-night."

Bloom said, with a sharp note in his voice, "I know you're fooling, but you stay on this station every night for a while. That goes for all the senior officers. I've fixed it with the C.O., and you'll have your orders to-morrow."

"You'll be popular," said Don ominously. "There'll probably be a deputation demanding that you seize your man and quit your fooling. You know who he is—you've told me that."

Bloom held his eyes, unabashed. "And you know, too," he said softly.

Don sat back. He felt as if a trap were closing round him, and recognised the feeling as a sharpened anxiety for Dawn. He took refuge in prevarication.

"Maybe I do—if he's one of the personnel," he said easily. "If he's in one of the maintenance wings I would. I know them all from C.O. to A.C."

"Let's swap names," Bloom suggested.

Don shied away from that. He wasn't going to breathe Dutchy's name even although, obviously, swapping it with Bloom could never become a reproach.

"I can't give you any particular name," he said. "I could nominate several, one of which, perhaps, would match the one you have."

"Go ahead with your nominations," Bloom encouraged. Don saw escape ahead. "Charlie, the half-caste, is one," he said.

Bloom looked his reproach.

"There's plenty of time," said Don. "I put Charlie first because I want to ask some questions about him. The stolen car must have passed him twice while he was legging it back to town. Did he notice it?"

"He said he saw it coming and going," admitted Bloom. "He'd just passed the turn-off when it came back. It ran up that road a bit as if the driver was going to take the short cut to the highway then changed his mind, for it backed on to this road and went on to town."



"I should put you on a charge," Don said, smiling back at Dawn.

"But it didn't go right in," said Don. He added, "Perhaps the driver was a stranger to these parts and mistook his way—"

"Or was heading for the monastery," grinned Bloom. But Don was wondering whether the foreigner had been at the wheel and Bloom's sarcasm passed unnoticed.

"Well, that disposes of Charlie," he said after a moment, and selected the rest of the names deliberately and at random. Father Sebastian, Mr. Clancy, Father Peter, Pilot-Officer Camden, Morris Rogers, Flight-Lieutenant Elen— He named the padre, two mechanics, a cook, and left it at that.

Bloom stood up. He looked neither disgusted nor disappointed.

"You've got something there," he said gravely. "A pity you didn't accept my offer and make a deal. You've put yourself on a hook, and I've got to leave you hanging. I hope it won't be for long."

"That's my business," said Don. He was relieved when Bloom took his departure.

It looked as if Dutchy's days were numbered, and he felt like praying passionately for Dawn.

DON learned from Terry that Dawn was not on duty, and so he stayed in the ward talking longer than had become his habit. When he left it was ten o'clock.

He stood for a few moments outside looking over to the nurses' quarters. He would have liked to have called on Dawn, but the quarters were out of bounds to officers and men alike. He thought of sending a message over by one of the sisters on duty, but dismissed it. He had to remember that she was plighted to another.

He sighed and went down the drive on to the road, and past the post office.

Just ahead he caught sight of a figure passing beneath a light, coming toward him. It was a nurse. He halted, waiting for her to come up, silently thanking the angels of heaven for their charity. For it was Dawn.

A moment later she was before him, smiling and explaining her presence in an area forbidden to sisters.

"I came down to post a letter. I know I should have gone straight back, but I felt like a walk—"

"I should put you on a charge," he said darkly. "I'll overlook your conduct if you'll allow me to walk back to the hospital with you."

She said, meekly, "Very well sir" and started to walk. He fell into step.

He said, "If I had known you were

coming back presently I would have delayed my visit."

"We don't allow visitors at night," she said.

"Rules get broken sometimes," he reminded her.

He was really appalled, now that he was with her, at the little he could talk about. Yet there was so much he could have said. He could have warned her of her position of Dutchy's peril. He could have told her that the net was closing in on both of them. Instead, he cast about for something else, and, getting desperate, mentioned Dutchy's desire to go overseas.

She halted, startled.

"You mean—he wants to leave here—go away?"

Her distress made Don's heart turn over. It had not occurred to him that Dutchy might not have discussed his desire with her yet. He said, cursing his blunder. He came in this afternoon and expressed a wish to go away. We all feel that way sometimes."

"He hasn't said anything to me," she whispered.

"Now and again he must feel pretty bad when he thinks of his relatives." He felt hypocritical over that, but he had to comfort her. "They're having a thin time in Holland these days. But there's little chance of him getting away."

He wanted to relieve her mind on that point, but, strangely, she did not appear to want the relief. She seemed more upset about Dutchy's secretive action. He said, "I don't think he could have had much hope himself. That's probably why he did not discuss it with you. He didn't want to worry you unnecessarily. I'm awfully sorry I've done just that."

She lifted her head then. They had paused beneath a light. He saw that her eyes were bright and shiny. If she was not weeping, then she was very close to it.

"I'm awfully soft and silly for a nurse," she said in a low voice, "but it came as—as a shock—"

"That's my fault," he growled.

"No—please. It had to come, anyway. I'll have to learn how to take blows."

"You can take them. I've seen you."

She shook her head. "This isn't a blow, really. But look how I'm behaving. I'm shameless."

"You love him, don't you?" said Don simply.

She said nothing to that but stared at him for a moment in silence. Then she turned her head away. "He'll be awfully disappointed if they don't let him go," she whispered.

Please turn to page 18

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By ...

FRANK RIORDAN

DR. VINCENT CURTIS' step lacked its usual buoyancy. He came into the surgery outwardly calm, but painfully aware of the tense atmosphere. He paused to look at the bulletin board. There it was—so simple, somehow, neatly typed, and thumb-tacked to the board:

8-3-8 A.M.
Craniotomy.
Dr. Vincent Curtis, Surgeon.
Dr. Wm. Douglas, Dr.
Merrit Blair, Assisting.

Miss Robeck, surgery supervisor, stuck her head out of S-2 and said:

"We're ready when you are, Dr. Curtis. I'll assist this morning because of—well, after last Monday the way Tanner behaved and all. I thought you'd feel safer with me. Tanner can circulate."

"I prefer having Tanner assist, Miss Robeck," Curtis said coldly.

"Very well," Robeck tried a new approach: "But I thought that in the circumstances, the patient being Dr. Newton, I shouldn't think it would be pleasant for Tanner being so near her fiancé while his head's being opened up. She could hardly be expected to be responsible."

There was poisonous relish in Robeck's voice. Curtis could have strangled her.

"Tanner will assist," he repeated sternly, and stalked into the dressing-room.

He particularly needed Tanner this morning, even though she was undoubtedly wondering if, after last Monday, he wouldn't all but miff the job again. For it had been Tanner, Rena Tanner, who had saved him from botching that occipital lesion job last Monday morning. And every man on the staff knew that what fate Curtis had built up as the only under-forty brain man comparable to Branson, the great man of the section—well, that fate owed a tremendous debt to Tanner. And Tanner was chucking the whole show and marrying Dr. Newton; that is, if he, Curtis, could save the life of the drunken weakling.

That was the tough part, being called upon to do his utmost to save Newton so Tanner could marry him. The surgeon in him rejoiced at the chance, but the human man in him found it rough going. Because he, too, loved Tanner. He smiled bitterly. It was the sort of surgical drama one witnessed in the movies.

Until Saturday night he had dreamed of Tanner not only as just the perfect assistant, but as his wife, mistress of his home. Tanner had been by his side in practically all of the desperate moments in his five years as a staff surgeon; but until that morning two years ago when they had saved Stella Catalon, the movie actress, for her public—until that morning, Tanner had been to Curtis merely a sleek and super-efficient automaton in white, only her great green eyes visible to him; alert, those eyes, and understanding.

After Catalon had been removed from the operating-room that morning, Curtis had been standing in the middle of the room in a kind of daze. Tanner had come up to him and spoken softly:

"Congratulations, Dr. Curtis. That's the first time I've seen anybody but Dr. Branson do a job like that."

Still in the commanding tone of a surgeon on duty, he had suddenly said to her: "I'm hungry. Come with me to breakfast."

Tanner had accompanied him. He had fallen in love with her then. But apart from their kind of partnership in the operating-room he had seen her only a few times since—and never alone. She had always been with Cal Newton, who was winding up his year's residency at the hospital. And, Saturday night, Tanner had told Curtis that

"Help yourself, Miss Robeck," cried Tanner, hurling the tray of instruments at the other nurse.

just as soon as Newton's year was up, she and Newton were going to be married.

Curtis hadn't been able to get that piece of news out of his mind; and yesterday he'd come to the hospital to look in on the infant on whom he'd done a spinal tap to reduce a meningeal hemorrhage. Bates, the switchboard operator, had stopped him:

"Probably a job for you on Monday, Dr. Curtis. They brought Dr. Newton in last night—drunk as five lords. He got Tanner home safely after the dance, thank heaven! Then he corkscrewed his car round a light-post. He's up there," Bates had pointed, "being observed."

The results of the observation and consultation were now in Douglas' hands. Douglas was offering Curtis

the X-rays. Intently Curtis studied them.

Robeck appeared at the door. "We're preparing Dr. Newton. We'll be ready in ten minutes."

Curtis nodded, and Robeck disappeared, followed by Douglas and Blair, who left the door standing open.

Curtis could hear Douglas out in the operating-room issuing commands quietly, efficiently. Blair's voice bellowing unnecessarily. But like a harsh obligato, Robeck was loudly tongue-lashing some luckless probationer for being clumsy.

Efficient and forty! That was Robeck. And last Monday, added to the fact that Curtis had been weary to the point of exhaustion from a stretch of overwork, Robeck had been carping at Tanner more than usual. Tanner had pretended unconcern, but every crack Robeck had aimed at Tanner had belted Curtis' soul. And just before the anaesthetist had given Curtis the go-ahead sign, Robeck had said:

"And remember, Tanner, it isn't necessary to draw attention to yourself by making so much noise passing those instruments."

Curtis had been acutely aware of Tanner's quick intake of breath. Gulping back his own anger, he had whispered—as he always did before an operation:

"All right, skipper?"

"Cast off," Tanner's voice had sounded tense.

She had passed him the scalpel, slapping it smartly on to his palm the way he wanted it done. In an effort to clear his mind of everything but the work to be done, Curtis had shaken his head vigorously, poised the scalpel for a swift, precise incision.

Tanner had coughed. It had irritated him, but it had stayed his hand; for, with sudden horror, he saw that he had almost gone in on the wrong side.

Swiftly he had looked up at her. Those green eyes had been calm, and at the same time anxious, as if she tried to explain that she was sorry he was so tired, and sorry, too, that Robeck had been so nasty. With that understanding of hers somehow imparted to him, he had gone back to work.

Robeck, feeling the tension ease, had said:

"Magnificent work, Doctor Curtis. In spite of the noise, Tanner sounds like a machine-shop handling those instruments."

Wryly, Curtis smiled, remembering the scene that had followed.

Curtis had got one look at Tanner's chalk-white face and blazing eyes. Instinctively he had divined her purpose. It had whirled through him that it was his duty to stop her. But he hadn't interfered. Tanner had lifted loose the tray, which still held a few odds and ends, pulled it far back, and then with a wide, outside curve of her arm had let the tray and instruments fly at Robeck. With a chaotic clatter they had fallen at Robeck's feet.

"Help yourself, Miss Robeck,"

Tanner had cried. "It'd be interesting listening to the racket you make picking them up."

"Tanner!" Robeck's voice had risen to a hysterical, surprised scream. "Tanner, you're fired! Understand! But before you leave this room, pick up those instruments. Do you hear?"

"Pick 'em up yourself," Tanner had whispered. "You need the exercise." Dazed, Tanner had brushed her cap from her head and run her fingers through her hair; then she had stumbled from the room.

Robeck's face had gone purple. Her breath had been coming in very audible gasps.

Please turn to page 4



CHARLES JAMES GREEN

CRANKY CHILDREN!

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"YOU can be sure."

she said hoarsely, "you can be sure, Dr. Curtis, that this will never happen again. Tanner will be out to-day."

Curtis had gone directly to Booker, the chief of staff, and told him what had happened, had offered to resign if Tanner was dismissed.

Booker, his sharp eyes sparring with Curtis', had said:

"If Tanner means that much to you, Dr. Curtis, well, then Rena Tanner is important here, too."

And now it was another Monday morning. Nothing mattered much at all—not even the fact that he'd saved Tanner's job for her. She was leaving it anyway, just as soon as Curtis got Newton patched up so Tanner could marry him; or so she had said on Saturday night, but with a strangely puzzled, uncertain look. It was that uncertainty in Tanner's eyes that tortured Curtis. Tanner, who had never been uncertain about anything.

He was brought back to the present by Robeck, standing at the entrance to the operating-room.

"Dr. Curtis," Robeck said, and her hand made a crazy sort of aimless gesture in the direction of the sterile tables. "We're waiting."

"Oh! Oh, yes."

He was trying his hardest not to think of Tanner out there in the operating-room, nor of the crowd of internes jammed into the amphitheatre to watch him work. The amphitheatre was usually filled when Curtis and Tanner worked together. But Curtis was wondering if there might not be another reason this morning. If, maybe, some of the spectators hadn't seen him almost mess up that occipital lesion job last Monday morning, and had turned up to see if he was cracking up.

He stood up, and thought that he couldn't face Tanner, and then he upbraided himself for acting like an emotional first-year student. If Tanner could take it, most assuredly Curtis should be able to.

He held out his hands and Robeck pulled on his gloves; he adjusted them, and Robeck wrapped his

hands into a towel. Then he went into the operating-room.

As he entered the operating-room his eyes swept the gallery. It was packed with seniors and internes.

They seemed unusually noisy, and he wondered even more if any of them had noticed what he had almost done last Monday when Tanner had coughed. He was certain now that they were here to see what he would do to Tanner's fiancée. He had the feeling that the seniors and internes were surging forward and closing in above him as they peered down, shadowy ghosts above the down-sweeping brilliance of the operating lamps. He wanted to shout up to them: "No, you crazy fools! I'm all right to-day. I'd better be good. This is my wedding present to Tanner. She wants Newton alive. Goodness knows why. But she does, and she's going to have him."

Tanner was at the table, waiting. All he could see of her as he approached was her straight, capable back swathed in white.

That back of hers had been bare on Saturday night when he had danced with her at the Medical Association's dinner. Tanner, superbly beautiful and radiant in red deep velvet. Tanner, puzzled. They had been dancing together, and he had been thinking: I'm not too old, I'm only thirty-nine. I've been in love with her for two years, and I've always told myself I didn't have time to tell her so.

We're dancing, the way we have before. But it will always be that way—because of Newton.

He reached the operating-table, and took his place beside Tanner. He shot her a swift glance. Her eyes had shadows under them.

They had been shadowy on Saturday night, too. He had been thinking: I love you, Tanner, and I'm going to tell you so. But before he had been able to do so she had looked up at him, had smiled hesitantly and said:

"You've a right to know it first, Dr. Curtis. After all, you are, in a way, my boss. Dr. Newton and I are going to be married—next month."

That had been like Tanner; direct. His arm lightly holding Tanner had suddenly become rigid. If Tanner noticed she gave no sign. His dream ended, and harshly he had told himself that he'd been expecting it. They had gone on dancing, and she had lowered her eyes as if afraid that he might notice that perplexed look in them. Lightly his lips had brushed her hair.

"You'll continue at the hospital?" His question had been a desperate prayer.

"No. Cal wants me to make a home for him."

Then Cal had cut in; and Tanner had left Curtis' arms hurriedly as if—almost as if she had been afraid of him.

Curtis looked down at the man on the operating-table, the man who wanted Tanner to make a home for him. A handsome chap, but one who'd never amount to much, he thought. Why?—savagely he sought the answer—why does Tanner want him?

Again he looked at Tanner, as if he might find the answer in those green eyes; but Tanner was watching Frame, who looked like a busy yet impassive Buddha at the head of the table as he went ahead with the anaesthetic.

Douglas and Blair were on the opposite side of the table. Both had their eyes on Frame. Newton was struggling feebly and suddenly the entire amphitheatre was hushed, save for Newton's labored breathing and the unnatural noise of a scratchy fountain-pen being pushed industriously by a senior up in the gallery. Then even the noise of the fountain-pen ceased, and the air seemed to pause as if afraid it might be accused of being a disturbing influence.

The room was gripped in silence. Newton was entering the second stage of the anaesthetic; and Curtis wished, belatedly, that he hadn't allowed Tanner to go through with the job, even though he knew that she considered it her duty.

Then he tried to put her out of his mind, tried to concentrate on the point where he would start his incision as soon as Frame signalled that it was time for him to begin. Waiting, he remembered his and Tanner's little ritual.

Frame gave the go-ahead. Without looking at her he whispered out of the corner of his mouth:

"All right, Skipper?"

All Right, Skipper

Continued from page 3

"Cast off." Tanner sounded like a ghost.

And as if the little interchange had got through the fog enclosing Newton, his voice suddenly came through, just audible and diabolically distinct.

"Sure Curtis loves you, Rena. Anybody but you'd 'a' known 'at long ago. And you love 'im, Rena—won't admit it—but 'at's why you broke—engagement Sat'd'y night. You didn't do it before—'cause you're sorry for me—always have been. It's Curtis—"

"In just a minute," Frame's voice warned Curtis.

Curtis' hand went out automatically at Frame's warning; and then Newton's mumbled words penetrated. "And you love 'im, Rena—" Curtis' hand paralysed in mid-air. Vaguely he realised Tanner hadn't passed the scalpel.

Swiftly his eyes sought hers. The little oblong of her face visible between her cap and mask was deathly pale. Her eyes were riveted to Newton, as if she found him suddenly loathsome, and her hand came up to her face, as if to rip the mask from her mouth before she suffocated.

Then Robeck was beside Tanner, her eyes flaming with hate.

"It isn't true, Tanner," Robeck hissed viciously. "You'd like him to love you, I know. But he doesn't."

That cleared Curtis' head. "Miss Robeck!" Curtis' voice had the sharp command of a top sergeant. "Pull yourself together!"

"I'm sorry, Doctor Curtis," Robeck mumbled, instantly back in her shell of professional calm.

"He's under, Doctor Curtis," Frame said.

Their various personalities and grudges were submerged then as they went at the task of saving a man's life.

Curtis turned back to Newton. Once more he held out his hand. Tanner passed him the scalpel with a shade less than her usual alertness. Oh, Tanner, he thought, don't let me go now. Hang by me, Tanner—by my side. This man on the table—he accuses you of loving me. He's not responsible for what he's saying, but is it true, Tanner? Why can't I stop to look at you—to see for myself if it's true.

He found his mark. Neatly he made the incision. Newton, despite his alcoholic excursions, was in good general health; and if nothing untoward happened, the operation should be successful.

BLAIR had the vessels under control. Curtis had to call for the trephine.

He was conscious of the perspiration beading his brow and trickling down inside his mask.

"Miss Robeck," he called out, "my forehead."

Noneless she was on his left, padding his brow; their eyes met for one instant, and the frustrated, though controlled, fury in Robeck's eyes startled him. Suddenly he wanted to laugh, but mirthlessly, remembering how he'd always thought Robeck hated Tanner only because she was jealous of Tanner's skill. Robeck! Robeck of all women.

Concentrating desperately, and trying to close out the upward surge of hope in his heart, Curtis secured the ligature he had applied, then he and Douglas and Blair set about closing up.

Abruptly the job was over. Newton was wheeled away.

"You've set an all-time record," the stolid Douglas mumbled. "That must have been the fastest time on record, that business."

Curtis hardly heard him. He looked about for Tanner—saw her standing over by the windows, her eyes staring into the murky morning. Overhead there was the sound of scuffling feet as the internes and seniors began to scramble out of the gallery. Their murmured "What a man!" "What a team—Curtis and that Tanner," came floating down to where Curtis and Robeck, Douglas and Blair stood under the hot lamps. That lingering phrase, "Curtis and Tanner," seemed to get Robeck. Curtis saw that the self-control she had imposed on herself during the operation was about to snap as she turned to face Tanner.

"You're a fool, Tanner," she said. Her voice was ugly with self-ridicule. "And you think I'm an idiot. I suppose. Well—perhaps I am."

She swept from the room. Curtis saw Tanner's face crimson with embarrassment. Surprisingly he urged Douglas and Blair out with his thumb. Tanner turned, watched them go, then her eyes met his frankly.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm not." Helplessly he sought for words to tell her what he wanted to say. Then he realised why there were none. "Everybody else has been doing all the talking for us," he said. Then, out of the hours of crises they had shared, one phrase came to him. He stepped close to her.

"All right, Skipper?" he asked. She smiled tremulously.

"Cast off." Her voice was almost steady as her lips met his.

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except herself.**

THE first view Captain Wallace had of Miss Chovey was the one a gentleman gets who approaches, from the south, a lady who is bending down toward the north. She wore brown corduroy slacks and a turtle-necked jumper, and she had a good bit of wildish grey hair that rambled in the wind. Captain Wallace thought it was an elderly Oxford don who was digging there madly for victory. He got quite a shock when he discovered it to be a lady of uncertain age.

Miss Chovey was digging for victory. She was trying to obey the behest, "Sow peas, sow beans, and sow them now," that had lately been broadcast throughout the kingdom. She sowed them, but without any conviction that they would grow, because she wasn't a gardener. She was a poetess in dire want, as witness her advertisement that had recently appeared in a local paper.

WANTED. Single-handed gardener and useful man. Also cook-housekeeper to take entire charge of busy, literary lady's country cottage. Must be animal lover.

The cry had gone out a week ago, but so far nobody had answered it. And only the other day she had fanned herself so well set up. Albert and Flora had both been of such a sensible age that she'd never dreamed they would suddenly get romantic, and marry, and go off to keep a boarding-house in Scotland. But that was exactly what they had done, and all in a hurry.

"Because it's like you say, miss," Flora had pointed out. "Seize the moment while you may, ere it slip for aye away."

Miss Chovey was a well-known, if not a very high-brow, poetess. She wrote pleasant little verses every day, that helped weary women over mounds of dirty dishes and through the washtubs of England with a gay lilt. They were signed Anne Chovey. People thought it was a pen-name, but they were wrong. Her father, an elderly scholar of an impenetrable turn of mind, had chosen her baptismal name in his seventy-fifth year.

Miss Chovey, digging in her garden, was astonishingly like him, but she did not know it, for she could not remember him. She, too, would have liked to be a scholar, and sing about the isles of Greece; but being a woman, she never got the chance. She had to earn her daily bread from a very early age, and sing about the washub and the cooking stove.

She had earned it pretty well, both brown and white. The little house in the neat garden was her own.

And though she still dreamed sometimes of producing a masterpiece out of the music that ran in her heart, meantime it had all to come out in jazz and swing to gratify the longings of her waiting public who turned to Anne's Corner daily for comfort before they braced themselves to page one and the political situation.

When Albert and Flora left, Miss Chovey's muse staggered a bit, for her hands became overfull with the housework and the gardening and everything else. That was why she turned such a hopeful, eager face to Major Wallace when he said to her, over the fence—

"I say!"

He was a pleasant, sandy young man with disillusioned eyes, and a permanent limp, for which he had been discharged from a hospital and told to take a holiday before the final medical board he feared would discharge him from the Army. He didn't want to be discharged from the Army. It was all his life. If they chucked him out he had nothing left, and might just as well jump in the river.

He wandered round with his knapsack on his back, and a vague idea that by exercising his leg a lot of the stiffness might go out of it. So he came to Panham Peachey about the hour of sunset, and, stealing one end of Miss Chovey's stick, he thought it would be a good idea to have a look at the other, and inquire where there was a bed to be had cheap.

"I'm sorry," he said shamefacedly, when she looked round at him. He felt as a man does who has inadvertently said "Yo-ho" to the wrong sort of girl. But he need not have bothered. She came over to him with the utmost interest.

"Have you come in answer to the advertisement?" she asked hopefully.

"What advertisement?" he asked, feeling his way.

Her face fell when he said he hadn't. "Then what is it you want?"

Captain Wallace almost had to laugh at that.

There were so many things he wanted that he hardly knew where to begin. But, being a soldier, and thus aware that the best form of defence is attack, he said, looking at the bean rows: "You're planting those things awfully crooked. You want two stakes, and a guiding cord."

Miss Chovey assaulted her hair and said: "Good heavens, I never thought of that!" Now that he mentioned it, she remembered seeing Albert with a strange contraption like knitting wool wound round a stake and secured to another stake. He had left it behind him in the potting-shed. She had thought it just some silly game men play.

"You aren't by any chance a gardener, are you? I need one so badly," said Miss Chovey.

"Well, now," said Captain Wallace, letting himself in through the gate. She gave him a cigarette from a case that looked as if it had come out of the Battle of Waterloo.

"There's a room over the garage you can have. And I do hope and trust I shall presently find another housekeeper. They all go, you know. Oh, it's not because we disagree. Far from it. They seem to marry, just one after another. Almost as if it were something in the air—"

She sighed.

"I'm delighted that they should be happy. After all, that's the main thing in life, isn't it? If you do not seize to-day, to-morrow whisks it right away. But it's very difficult for me, with my own work to do. I am Anne Chovey," she said.



*"I'm only the
gardener, cat
keeper and dog
tender," Ian ex-
plained solemnly.*

By his face she could see it meant nothing whatever to him.

"It's hardly an important job I am offering you," she pointed out.

"You're offering me an escape from the feeling I'm just a useless old nobody wants," he said, grimly. That settled the matter. With no further ado, Miss Chovey ceremoniously and thankfully conducted him in.

The house was all colorful and original inside. A dog scowled at Captain Wallace as he entered. A Siamese kitten gave a battle cry, and ran up the curtain, to sit bawling on the rod.

"Don't take any notice of them," said Miss Chovey. "They are all rather spoiled, I'm afraid. And keep the back door shut, or Nebuchadnezzar will come in. And he's rather large. Last time we had some difficulty in turning him to get him out again, and he simply refuses to back."

"And what is Nebuchadnezzar?"

"A horse," said Miss Chovey, simply.

Captain Wallace looked at her, and putting together the facts of her obvious eccentricities, decided she must be a musician.

"Of course, this can't be at all what you're accustomed to," said Miss Chovey, laying out pea-green

Wallace a strange intoxication. He felt as a man might who, after playing a part in a most distressing tragedy that went on for months till it darkened all his outlook, is translated into the gayest of pantomimes.

He had all his meals in the kitchen with Miss Chovey.

"If you wouldn't mind," she said. "It's the easiest plan. This war is showing us all a whole lot of much easier ways of living."

While she talked, the kitten sat on her shoulder and sported with her hair. He never knew if she noticed it or not. When she dropped a sausage on the floor by mistake, while cooking the breakfast, she said: "Doggie, thou friend of man, solve my problem. If you can, and the dog promptly ate it up for her.

Twice Ian left the kitchen door open, but he remembered it before more than half the horse had got in, so nothing disastrous happened.

It was amazing. He, who had thought he would never be happy again, whose career was spoilt and whose hopes were blasted, was happy. There was something in the air, he could not say what it was. He even caught Miss Chovey's habit of throwing off little couplets. Either it was infectious, or it was something about the place.

As he dug in the garden, lines formed in his mind.
Go, gentle pea
And grow a pod
for me.

Or:
As I survey this wondrous bean
My appetite grows very keen.

He couldn't make it out. He had never been like that before.

One Thursday night Miss Chovey announced she was going to London the next day.

"To see my agent," she said.

He came in the next morning, from feeding the hens, and went to look for Miss Chovey to tell her there was a stranger in the parlor. He had a glimpse of a smart woman in a black coat and skirt and pearls, and when he discovered Miss Chovey was neither upstairs nor downstairs, he met the stranger in the passage face to face, and saw it was Miss Chovey herself.

He simply could not believe it.

"If a housekeeper should turn up, grapple her to you with hooks of steel, won't you?" said Miss Chovey.

"You aren't afraid I shall decamp

in your absence," he said, teasing her, "taking the teaspoons?"

"Oh well," said Miss Chovey, "I never thought of that!"

He said gravely: "Do you know that you are a pet, and if I were not your gardener-handyman I would want to hold you in my arms and kiss you?"

"I think I'm old enough to be kissed by almost anybody," said Miss Chovey, absently tending a cheek. Then she departed, carrying an important-looking dispatch case with her initials on it in gold. By this time he realised she wrote something or other, and evidently got paid for it.

He swept up and tidied the place, and hoed the beans and peas which were coming up nicely. He fed the cat and dog, and then, as instructed, took Nebuchadnezzar out on a rope to fresher grass.

Captain Wallace let him off the rope in the other meadow, and then proceeded to take Beeloo the dog for his walk. At the last moment the kitten rushed after them, and it came overhand up his trouser leg.

Ian limped over the meadow, trying to keep track of the dog Beeloo. Beeloo kept various delectable private smells in places known only to him, and seemed to be under compulsion to visit them all as swiftly as possible. There was one so rich and rare in the wood that he became quite hysterical about it, and even the cat went to help investigate.

Ian had to go over and find him. That was how Ian came across the girl. She was sitting on a fallen tree, with a suitcase beside her. Her face was hidden in her hands, and whether she was crying or just not feeling very well, he could not guess.

She looked up at Ian, and then over at Nebuchadnezzar.

"Is that your horse?" she asked.

"No," he said simply. "It is just a friend."

"Do you usually take a cat out with you," she asked, glancing over at the other two animals.

"It came," he said. "They have it all their own way, you see. Nobody ever thwarts them, but if I were you I wouldn't let it climb up your leg. Not with stockings what they are now!"

And then he said: "Why were you crying?"

Her name, she told him, was Patty Grey. She had come from her training school, where they were teaching her to be a secretary, and found that her mother had married again.

"Oh, a horrible man," she said, and she shivered. "I can't go there any more. So I just packed and came away. I hadn't really thought what I was going to do—there must be something."

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By DOROTHY BLACK

teacups and making tea in a tomato-colored pot. "But if you could just make the best of it for a while and give me a hand—you would be doing me a jolly good turn. Just when hope is at an end, heaven sends the helpful friend, you know."

Captain Wallace looked at her through narrowed eyes, but decided it was just a coincidence.

"I suppose you don't happen to know a good woman," said Miss Chovey, handing him a slice of bread and honey.

Captain Wallace's nice face grew bleak. Alas, he knew no Good Women at all. That was one of the reasons for his acute loneliness.

"Ah well! Maybe the miracle will happen. When the sun has ceased from shining, then you see the silver lining."

And now there crept over Ian

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Pond's Two Creams are sold at all chemists and stores in small and large jars, also in tubes for the handbag. Economy hint — the large jars are a thrifter "buy".

FIND ME JUST ONE LAUGH

By
Everett Rhodes Castle

WALKING down the corridor on the way to his private office, Mr. Nat Beckleman, president, treasurer, and general manager of the NB Products Company, passed a green door. This opened into a small room formerly part of the company's warehouse.

Mr. Beckleman always averted his eyes and winced mentally when he passed this door. People are often feeling sorry for themselves, Mr. Beckleman reflected, because they have a skeleton locked up in their closet.

How would they feel if they had forty thousand little skeletons piled up behind a door?

A man who is buying worthless stock can paper a room with it. But what can a manufacturer do with a product like Jiffishave? By every law of merchandising it should have been an outstanding item in the NB line. But what was it?

The merchandise manager of the Green Front Stores drug chain had called it a plain stinkeroo. But it wasn't a plain stinkeroo. It was—adding in development costs, manufacturing charges, advertising and sales-promotion budgets—a fifteen-thousand-dollar stinkeroo.

Mr. Beckleman sighed, as he so often sighed of late. He thought of all his other troubles. Priorities, priorities, nothing but priorities. No caps for bottles. No tin. Boxboard precious as diamonds. Uncertainties about alcohol, about fats, about oils. But nothing uncertain about taxes. Oh, no!

He ploughed moodily down the corridor. Two doors framing large ground-glass panels presently faced him. He placed a large white hand on each door and pushed.

There they were! Rumbling typewriters, punching at adding machines, putting letters in files. Not a care in the world!

The president of NB Products hardly seemed to see this busy, happy little hive of industry his thirty years of incorporation had contrived. A little man with a bald head and a grey suit was at the water fountain again. Probably somebody who worked in the production department. Did the fellow think he was working on the desert?

Cooper was telephoning. Why should a man who should be running an adding machine be always running to a telephone instead? Ponder! Miss Krutz was not at her desk. There were two sheets of carbon paper, practically unused, in her wastepaper basket.

He sat down heavily in the big leather chair. Miss Adele Peters, his secretary for fifteen years, had followed him into his private office. Miss Peters was one of the most efficient secretaries in existence, and looked as if she resented it bitterly. She went on to report as usual.

"Pig and hog bristles have just been placed on the priority list," she said briskly. "And Sutor telephoned. Alcohol is up, but he can't guarantee shipments."

"Any more good news?" he inquired grimly.

"Mr. Prince left a memo on the bottle-cap situation. It's there on your desk. Plastics, apparently, are out. Cold press is a possibility, except for the added expense. He's looking into pressed paper."

Mr. Beckleman picked up a sheaf of papers from the desk, and the crackling of the pages betrayed the convulsive pressure of his fingers. "Maybe there is even more good news in here," he suggested with strangled calm.

Miss Peters braced herself. "Mr. Blumer, of the Green Front Stores syndicate, called. He wanted to talk to you personally. About their order for Number Six Size, NB Hand Balm. He thinks we're stall-

ing on delivery. I checked with Sales. The delay in delivery was caused by the bottle situation. We're out of that size and the factory won't make any promise of immediate delivery. Mr. Blumer won't take either the Number Four or the Number Eight.

"We have an ample inventory of both sizes. He insists that Number Six is the popular number—the size they have always used as a leader. He said he'll throw out the entire NB line if we don't make good on our commitment. He said that, as far as Jiffishave is concerned, it would be a pleasure to do so."

The president of NB Products pushed back his chair so violently that it bounced off the cream-colored wall.

"As if it was my fault personally," he shouted thickly. "Is he the only one that has Jiffishave on his hands? What about me?"

"I'll get you a glass of water," Miss Peters said hastily.

"I don't want water!" Mr. Beckleman shouted. "How many Blumers does it take to break the back of a camel?"

"Remember what the doctor—"

"The doctor! The doctor! What does a doctor know about what is going on? Are there any priorities on people getting sick? Does a doctor have Blumer trouble? Businessmen don't relax enough, the doctors say. They don't laugh enough! Supposing a good laugh is making a businessman get a new grip on himself, where is the laugh coming from?"

Mr. Beckleman glared at her. His white face was crimson now and the veins throbbled in his forehead. "Find me a good hearty laugh in the drug business!" he challenged the secretary. "Find me even one little, puny, insignificant snicker."

Miss Peters did not try. Quickly, deftly, she applied the only palliative long association with her employer's helpless rages had taught her.

"Have you any operation notes you wish me to take?" she asked.

IT worked, as it usually worked. Mr. Beckleman grunted, but he sat down and some of the alarming color faded from his face. After several false starts, he reached for his pre-luncheon cigar and lit it slowly.

This was the brief moment of the day, the secretary often told herself, that her boss really enjoyed. The moment when, as the Prime Minister of NB Products, he dictated his high-tone "pep" talks to the staff.

"All bulletin boards," Mr. Beckleman said, then dictated slowly, his eyes closed.

"Quote. The most important contribution we can make, as individuals in helping to defeat the forces of brute oppression and forces which are threatening free institutions all over the world is to remember, no matter how humble or how far removed our individual work may seem to be from the war, that time is the most precious thing we have. Period. Also paragraph. Got that?"

Miss Peters nodded. Her lips twitched.

"The dictators," her employer went on, his face almost peaceful, "do not believe that we can get ready in time. Period. Let us show them different! Exclamation point. Every minute an employee thoughtlessly spends making some private telephone call is a precious minute wasted. Period. Also spending too much time in rest rooms, smoking cigarettes, and gossiping, is lost man-hours."

"Do you know that it requires twenty-five thousand man-hours to build a fighter plane? Question



Throughout the office, Mr. Beckleman went raging: "Priorities—huh! Nothing but priorities!"

mark. Or that it takes twenty-seven million man-hours to build a single battleship? Question mark. Standing round the water container not only wastes time of one individual, but if that individual insists on talking to another individual nearby, the precious lost man-hours are doubled. Period.

"Also wasting things like carbon paper also wastes time—the time of the people who must make this commodity. Period. Paragraph. Okay?"

"Is that all?"

"One more sentence. Underscore it! As the commander-in-chief of the NB army, bearing more than my share of the responsibilities of doing business under war conditions. I am recalling to your minds that, as the poet says, Time and Hitler Wait on No Man. Period. That is all . . . Huh?"

The exclamation came as Miss Peters hastily covered her mouth with her note-book. "I—I—something caught in my throat," she explained quickly.

Mr. Beckleman nodded absently. "Make an extra carbon," he directed. "Mrs. Beckleman is always interested in reading how I am fighting possible subversive elements in the business."

"I'm sure we all are," Miss Peters murmured demurely. Too demurely. Her employer's round eyes narrowed suspiciously.

The telephone rang. Miss Peters started forward, but her employer reached over and scooped up the receiver.

"Beckleman," he said crisply. "Who? . . . Yes, Corbin. What is that? . . . Speak more plainly."

There was a long pause, a pause which saw all the soporific efforts of the secretary swept away in a new tide of rising color.

Mr. Beckleman finally replaced the receiver stiffly in its cradle. The movement was almost in slow motion. Its automatic precision brought Miss Peters quickly round the desk.

"Are—are you ill?" she cried anxiously. "Can I—"

"Am I ill, Miss Peters? Maybe being in business in times like these should make even a mortal illness a pleasure." He laughed in a way that curdled Miss Peters' thin blood. "That was Corbin—my lawyer—telling me he doesn't think the income tax people are going to allow us to write off our investment in Jiffishave."

"I'm sorry," Miss Peters mumbled.

"You are sorry? I am sorry! So what? I have fifteen thousand dollars invested in a product that nobody wants to buy. It is not only a clear loss in money but, because it is such a slow-moving item, it is reflecting on all other items in our line. People like Blumer are making cracks about it."

He kicked the chair backward and came round his desk. He reached for his hat and coat. The lust to get away from it all was on him. His neck was purple and stiff.

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Find Me Just One Laugh Continued from page 7

WHERE—I mean are you going—” Miss Peters began desperately. “After all, the Internal Revenue Bureau hasn’t ruled on the question yet. Mr. Corbin may be wrong.” She was frightened. Her employer’s blood pressure appeared to be heading for new altitude records. “After all, things could be worse.” She tried to smile optimistically.

Mr. Beckleman jammed his hat down hard on the top of his head. “What could happen now that—that would be worse?” he demanded tragically. “I am going out for a walk. Maybe I am getting drunk. Maybe I am falling through a man-hole. Whatever is happening, however, is nothing compared to trying to run a business at a profit.” He started grimly for the door.

Miss Peters scurried in his wake. “Mr. Beckleman!” she pleaded.

But her employer gave her no heed. His badgered, harassed, embittered soul cried out for physical relief. On any front! Against any force! He started for the outer door.

Then he saw the little man in the grey suit just turning away from the water cooler.

Instantly the president of NB Products forgot his projected walk. With all the deadly intent of a wounded water buffalo, he charged. The clatter of commerce which filled the long room died away so suddenly that it might have been thrust into some sound-proof vault.

Three feet from the little man he awayed to a dramatic stop. “You—you oafs camel!”

The blast almost upset the little man. His jaw dropped. He stepped hastily backward.

“You—you liquid loafer!” Mr. Beckleman pursued him hotly. His clenched fist beat the air menacingly. “I am sweating blood and tears to keep this place going! American boys are dying on the battlefield! And what are you doing? Drinking water! Every time I am

seeing you, you are drinking water! Loafing! Getting—”

“Mr. Beckleman! You—”

“Quiet!” the president of NB Products roared back over his quivering shoulder at his now frankly hysterical secretary.

“But, see here, Mr. Beckleman. It’s none of your business if I spend all my time drinking. I’m not accountable to you for—”

“It is none of my business, he says! He is not accountable to me!” Mr. Beckleman’s eyes swelled round the room. “Does everybody hear that? Impudence and— and insolence! Get back to the production department, or wherever it is you work, and tell the foreman to give you your time! You are fired! You are—”

“Mr. Beckleman! You must listen! That—that man isn’t—”

Her boss missed the agonized words entirely. He was more than ever the man of action. A quick stab of the hand and he had the smaller man by the coat lapel. The man was shouting something.

To the rear, Miss Peters was screaming something. But the president of NB Products was reveling in the blessed relief of coming to direct grips with a tangible enemy. He kept shaking the man, saying things about loafing and impudence and sabotage, but the words made no sound on his ears.

Then the figure in front of him seemed to stumble and dissolve. The movement jerked Mr. Beckleman forward and his foot caught in the rubber matting. He fell heavily against the water cooler. Then the entire world seemed to collapse.

Just before the collapse, however, there was one curious little moment of quiet. Into this swift, small vacuum one small fact inserted itself. It came with startling clarity, like a cough in church, just a split second before a flood of water en-

veloped the executive head of NB Products, a flood followed by flaming lights and quick darkness.

“Don’t! Don’t!” Miss Peters screamed. “He doesn’t work for us! He’s one of the men from the Internal Revenue Bureau! He’s reporting on whether Jiffishave can be written off.”

“Just—just before this happened, he asked me how things could possibly get any worse,” Miss Peters smiled bleakly. She knelt again. “I don’t think there is any concussion. Just the nasty knock. But I wish the doctor would get here.”

“What happened?”

Struggling up out of a fog, the president of NB Products recognised the voice of King, his sales manager. King went on, “It sounded, from my office, like a direct hit by a thousand-pound bomb.”

Mr. Beckleman kept his eyes tightly closed, despite the acute discomfort of the general dampness which seemed to glue his clothes to his body.

“He—he thought I worked for him,” an aggrieved voice explained. “He called me a loafer—a camel!” He went on to tell the entire story. “It was all a mistake.” That would be Peters.

“That’s a masterpiece of understatement,” said King.

Mr. Beckleman kept his control by a violent effort.

“He’s been under a terrific strain,” Miss Peters went on. Mr. Beckleman made a note to give the girl an increase in salary. At least she was loyal.

“As a matter of fact,” the aggrieved voice said with a rising note of plaintiveness, “I hate water. It was the caraway seeds.”

“Caraway seeds?” King’s echo was startled. “Do you eat caraway seeds?”

“With sauerkraut. I only started a week ago. A friend tipped me off that caraway seeds improved sauerkraut. So I laid in a supply because there is a scarcity of caraway seeds. I—I suppose the wife put too many in the kraut. Or something. Anyway, every time after we’ve had kraut I’ve had an awful thirst. Say, look! Isn’t he—”

Mr. Beckleman was sauerkraut! Caraway seeds! What kind of a mad world was this? Or—Say, wait a minute! Maybe there was an idea.

His mind began to race.

Miss Peters’ hand was cool and competent on his brow. “It’s all right, Mr. Beckleman,” she whispered soothingly. “Just lie still. The doctor will be here in a few minutes.”

“The doctor! Never mind the doctor!” The patient sat up so quickly that Miss Peters almost lost her balance. He stared belligerently round the half circle of anxious faces. “What are you looking at?” he bawled. “Get back to your work, all of you.” To the victim of his mistake he said crisply, “I am very sorry.”

“But, chief—”

Mr. Beckleman ignored his sales manager. His big head jerked round to his secretary. “Get Blumer on the telephone. Tell Meyer in manufacturing that I want to see him in my office immediately. Call Prince

in purchasing and tell him. . . . King”—his voice grew chilly—“instead of calling me a fool in two-dollar words, be kind enough to help me up. You will also attend the meeting.”

“But—but the doctor?” Miss Peters cried unhappily. “Head injuries are tricky things!”

Her boss stared at her unblinkingly for a moment. Then he smiled.

“If you are insinuating that—that the idea I just got lying there on the floor listening to—to this caraway seed business is cracked,” he declared complacently, “you are not knowing my head. Now get busy.”

Some ten minutes or so later, Mr. Beckleman stood behind his desk still looking belligerent.

“See how it works out?” he demanded of the little group surrounding him. “We have three problems. Our best customer wants Number Six NB Hand Balm, but we can’t make good on his order because we have no Number Six bottles.”

HE paused, glaring round as though to make sure they were really taking it all in, then continued truculently: “Problem two is Jiffishave. A product on which we are frankly guessing wrong. However, if we leave Jiffishave on druggists’ shelves and it doesn’t sell—and it isn’t—it reflects on the salability of all NB products. On the other hand, if we just call in all outstanding stocks, we are publicly admitting that we don’t know what the trade wants, which is also bad for the entire line.

“In the third place, the Government is probably telling us we can’t write off our investment in Jiffishave because it is still on sale and in our inventory—even more so now than ever, with what is happening at the water cooler.”

“That was too bad,” Prince clacked his tongue sympathetically. Mr. Beckleman impaled him with a frozen stare.

“Instead of sitting down writing defeatist memorandums,” he went on heavily, “I am using my head. The Jiffishave inventory is, luckily, all in Number Six bottles. We empty the bottles down the drain and use them for hand balm. So we satisfy Blumer. Having poured our Jiffishave down the drain, we have also established our loss on the product for tax purposes—no matter if I am making a slight mistake. So we are already killing two birds with one stone.

“Now we are running this advertisement I have been mentioning in all the newspapers. This will say that, due to war conditions, we must notify all users of that maddening nonsoap shaving liquid, Jiffishave, that we are compelled to remove this great product from the market. Which is true because we can’t get Number Six bottles for our hand lotion, can we?”

“It is likewise true that we shall have no more Jiffishave on hand—even if people want it—because it all down the drain. Consequently, we are not losing face with the trade. We are bowing with Jiffishave because we gladly do our part to help win the great battle for democracy.”

King, the long, lean sales manager, blew his nose violently.

“Is that also—an understatement?” Mr. Beckleman inquired at him grimly.

“It’s—it’s a finger,” the sales manager managed to gasp.

Prince, the writer of defeatist memos, sat very still.

Meyer, the head of manufacturing, spoke. “It’s a bird, chief! Do I go ahead and fill Blumer’s Number Six NB Hand Balm with the Jiffishave bottles?”

Please turn to page 19



Wives who do double duty cheer work-saving RINSO!



I HATE TO THINK OF YOU WASHING SHIRTS AFTER HELPING ME OUTSIDE



I DON'T MIND TED, NOW. IT WAS THOSE OLD-FASHIONED SCRUB SOAPS THAT USED TO GET ME DOWN. RINSO'S RICHER, THICKER SUDS SHIFT GRIME SO EASILY...



THERE! THE WHITES ARE SIMPLY DAZZLING—AND THE COLOURS REALLY SPARKLE, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF



WOW! FAST WORK. HONEY, RINSO'S PERKY SUDS SURE DO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

AND OUR CLOTHES ARE LASTING MUCH LONGER NOW I DON'T HAVE TO SCRUB THEM

A LIVER PRODUCT Z.120.36



NOT QUITE LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE!

That's not the fault of your baking but because mother had the advantage of Cream of Tartar. This dependable "raising" is not obtainable at present, but soon, maybe, your favourite baking powder or self-raising flour will again contain...



CREAM of TARTAR

A Pure Product of Smith & Science

DO YOU KNOW?



700,000 DUCATS FOR MONKEY'S TOOTH

The people of Ceylon and Malabar used to worship the teeth of elephants and monkeys. The Siamese once offered a Portuguese 700,000 ducats to redeem a monkey's tooth stolen by pirates from a sacred temple. Filipinos worshipped crocodiles' teeth, making images of them and setting them up in shrines.



ELEPHANTS' grinders replace themselves as worn out. When one grinder is worn down it is pushed out and subsequently a new one grows in.



BEAVERS have teeth which keep growing all the animal's life. Thus Nature makes up for the wearing down caused by the constant gnawing of logs.



MOUTH BREATHING often causes protruding front teeth. So does the habit of thumb-sucking, which causes unnatural development of the mouth and jaws.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Know why Kolynos helps prevent decay? It removes food-deposits which are breeding grounds for decay germs. And antiseptic Kolynos is on its own for economy. Half an inch on a dry brush... that's plenty.



Movie World

• DEANNA DURBIN, unsophisticated and refreshingly sweet, can beat most of Hollywood's accepted glamor girls when it comes to popularity with servicemen. She has been voted ideal girl,

queen of the barracks, and favorite pin-up girl in camps all over the world. One private, "somewhere in Alaska," sent Deanna £100, saved from his Army pay, to invest in war bonds for him.





Fresh as a Spring Breeze

That's you when you use Liquid Odorono which you need use as little as once a week.

Every woman must decide for herself just how often she must use Odorono (for physical control varies) . . . but regularity of use guarantees infallible results. Develop the regular habit of Odorono, and dismiss the threat of perspiration for a week or more.

Odorono is a doctor's prescription. It comes in two strengths. "Regular", the most effective perspiration check ever made, and "Instant", milder for women with especially sensitive skin.



ODO-RO-NO

1/1, 2/2, and 3/3.

Escapist trend in new films



● Costumes and sets of pre-war glamor are a feature of Paramount's "Lady in the Dark." Ginger Rogers and Jon Hall are shown in the lavish dream sequence.



● Francine Crunhan is one of the many glamorous newcomers to make her debut in Columbia's "Cover Girl."



● Oriental fantasy is brought to the screen in Universal's technicolor, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," with Turhan Bey and Maria Montez.

STUDIOS REPLACING WAR THEMES WITH FANTASY AND GLAMOR

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

FORTHCOMING film fare from Hollywood demonstrates clearly the demand for escapist entertainment, and includes a goodly number of glittering packages attractively decorated with technicolor—mostly in a light vein, and not to be taken seriously.

Most of the important films follow the boys to the battlefields, where momentary relaxation is enjoyed in a joyous barrage of song, and color, and glamor.

Included among the new escapist shows come memories of the past with the screen version of Daphne du Maurier's "Frenchman's Creek," co-starring Joan Fontaine and the new Mexican star, Arturo de Cordoba.

Universal have capitalised on the popularity of "Arabian Nights" and produced the scintillating fantasy, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," with Jon Hall and Maria Montez.

Musicals, shimmering with songs and shining new faces, are arriving, like Columbia's "Cover Girl," with Rita Hayworth heading a cast that includes America's most famous models.

Exotic wardrobes

EXTRAVAGANT clothes of pre-war elegance are seen again in Paramount's "Lady in the Dark," in which one of Ginger Rogers' fabulous costumes includes a mink evening skirt.

To devotees of magic isles and lyric maids, Dorothy Lamour's "Paradise Island" should prove a first favorite. In this film Lamour wears the shortest sarong on record—a silk jersey affair held up partly by Dorothy and partly by a specially constructed inner lining.

Even Hollywood's most dignified actors are joining in the fairy-tale parade—for instance, a beturbanned Ronald Colman makes love to dancing girl Marlene Dietrich in MGM's "Kismet."

Making a survey of the coming productions, I predict there will be far fewer war films and more comedies. Films which deal with

current problems will probably be patterned on shows like Ginger Rogers' "Tender Comrade," which tells the story of a group of girl factory workers who together solve their problems while their husbands are away in the Services.

Columbia are the first to present a film, recently previewed for the Consuls of Allied Nations, dealing with post-war themes. This film is titled "None Shall Escape," and shows the Nazi criminals brought to trial after the war.



Did you know that "Vaseline" Hair Tonic sells right up in the Papuan fighting line? It's there on the canteen shelves.

Our troops have found that "Vaseline" Hair Tonic ends "Dry Scalp" and keeps hair healthy—even under those conditions.

If you didn't know before, you will understand now why you have found "Vaseline" Hair Tonic so difficult to buy. Peace, however, will bring "Vaseline" Hair Tonic back to you.

Vaseline

HAIR TONIC
Ends Dry Scalp

First thing every morning!



A Miracle of Love . . .
Henrietta reveals what may happen to any girl in love . . . She wore a mask hiding ugliness . . . to learn a beautiful face was but the mirror of one's innermost thoughts.

'Flesh and Fantasy' deliberately challenges, as it invades the realm of the mystic and the supernatural . . . Baring the inexplicable phenomena of human beings' passions, fears, hopes, sentiments, beliefs, desires, superstitions . . . the strange truths resultant of dreams . . . and astrology. You! Life is in it somewhere!



A CHALLENGE

TO YOUR IMAGINATION

ROBERT BENCHLEY
BETTY FIELD
ROBERT CUMMINGS
— EDGAR BARRIER
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
— THOMAS MITCHELL
C. AUBREY SMITH
ANNA LEE
DAME MAY WHITTY
CHARLES BOYER
BARBARA STANWYCK
— CHARLES WINNINGER

FLESH AND FANTASY

Produced by Charles Boyer and Julian Duvivier. Released by UNIVERSAL PICTURES.

Premiere Season:
STATE, Sydney,
WINTER GARDEN,
Brisbane.



Chiffon

A face powder so smooth it seems to have been created by fairy hands. So diaphanous that it makes your complexion appear naturally clear and glowing.



J. & E. ATKINSON PTY. LTD.

AC.126

MGM's star-packed musical



1 LEAVING for father's camp, Kathryn (Kathryn Grayson) vainly tries to reconcile her mother (Mary Astor) and father.



2 AT CAMP, disgruntled soldier Marsh (Gene Kelly) makes love to Kathryn, hoping she will speak to her father, Colonel Jones (John Boles), to arrange to have him transferred from the Army to Air Force.



3 IN SPITE of his selfish aims, Marsh realises that he is in love with Kathryn and is overjoyed when she accepts his ring.



4 HEARING of her daughter's romance, Mrs. Jones rushes to the spot, and violently opposes plans of husband and daughter.



5 AT HUGE CAMP CONCERT, Kathryn seeks consolation from her friend, Jose Iturbi, world-famous pianist and conductor, who has come with a group of Hollywood stars to entertain the boys.

We make them for those...



All our resources are devoted to war production, that a speedy victory may bring peace in which to enjoy the better post-war Tasma.

Made by
THOM & SMITH
Pty., Ltd.

Tasma
DETAIL BUILT RADIO



6 WHEN THE time arrives for both Jones and Marsh to leave for overseas, Mrs. Jones relents, and accompanies Kathryn to the train to farewell them both.

Thousands cheer

MGM's lavish musical, "Thousands Cheer," is photographed in superb technicolor, and, in addition to marking the screen debut of Jose Iturbi, the world-famous concert pianist and conductor, most of the studio's top-ranking stars are featured.

The story is a frothy little affair, but always entertaining, and the camp concert provides a sensational climax. Mickey Rooney acts as compere to the show and presents Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Lena Horne, and many others in brilliant little scenes.

Eleanor Powell, Don Loper, and Maxine Barrat, and the MGM dancing girls are responsible for some dazzling dance sequences, and the musical situation is brightly handled by three famous orchestras, maestroed by Kay Kyser, Bob Crosby, and Benny Carter.



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TO LOVELINESS!

You'll marvel at the thrilling way LISTERINE Tooth Paste attacks ugly, stained film... It is the modern, daintier aid to more lustrous teeth. It's a super cleaner and saves money too.

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Take it —
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Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force.

PRICE: 7/6 for one month's supply.

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HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

A Family Friend for Sixty Years

When Coughs and Colds are prevalent, one's thoughts just naturally turn to...

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

Keep on buying War Savings Certificates and £10 War Bonds

W. G. Hearne & Co. Pty. Ltd., Geelong.



The Australian Women's Weekly—March 25, 1944

Your good health is an asset to your country.

Prevent droop and undue fatigue by being properly corseted.

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT

corset prevents a lot of unnecessary tiredness caused by the drag of heavy muscular areas.

Your **Charma**

Brassiere and "Lady Ruth" will last a great deal longer if you mend them promptly and launder them regularly.



UNCLE SAM'S DAUGHTERS IN UNIFORM



UNDER OLD GLORY. Members of the Women's Army Corps on parade, with the flag they serve. Units of the Corps are stationed in North Africa and England, and all over U.S.A.



GIRL MECHANIC of U.S. Navy at work on Navy fighter. Uniform is an issue of "coverall" and slacks



NAVY GIRLS, in their fatigue dress, relax at lunch. The Waves have a navy-blue uniform, designed by Mainbocher, of single-breasted, four-button jacket, and gored skirt.



A WAVE snaps to the salute. There are now 120,000 American women replacing men in U.S. armed forces
—U.S. Navy Department picture

Manpower answers queries on women's call-up

"Nothing haphazard about choice of workers"

Women workers are asking many searching questions about the way in which manpower authorities choose women for direction into essential war work, as in the recent diversion to canneries.

Many believe that they work on a haphazard method which victimises the women they hit upon while some idlers or near-idlers are passed over.

A SUGGESTION has been made by Senator Amour (Labor, N.S.W.) that some hundreds of servicewomen should have been diverted to the canneries in this State.

Heads of the auxiliary Services say this could not possibly be done.

"Apparently there is an impression abroad that the Army has all the women it needs," said the Minister for the Army, Mr. Forde. "That is a false impression."

"Thousands more are wanted. Women are needed to enable B class soldiers to be returned to industry, where they are urgently needed, and to release A class men for front-line duty."

"Every one of the 18,000 women in the Air Force is fully employed," said a W.A.A.F. spokesman. "The Air Force could do with thousands more because every WAAF does a man's job."

"Hundreds of men are needed for every squadron formed. More squadrons are needed. Hence more women are needed to release the men."

"The Wrens are fully occupied," said a naval spokesman, "and without them it would be necessary to retain in shore establishments the naval officers and ratings they have relieved, thus preventing these men from more active service afloat or in operational areas."

To clear up points which have been most discussed, The Australian Women's Weekly put 10 questions to a New South Wales manpower spokesman, and here they are, with his answers.

1. Wouldn't the English system of registration and call-up of women in age groups be a fairer manpower basis than the present one, which appears to the public to be quite haphazard?



HOUSEWIFE TURNED MUNITION-MAKER. This aproned factory-worker typifies the vast change the war has brought in the lives of women who have left the kitchen bench to do a war job.

ANSWER: Manpower does not need any further registration of women workers because the civilian register provides all the necessary information.

Call-up of women for interview is not haphazard. When women are needed for essential undertakings, National Service Offices in various districts are allotted a quota to be filled from their district.

From their records they choose a large number of women in suitable age groups whose cards, based on information they supplied themselves for the civilian register, show that they are working in non-essential industries.

These women are called up for interview, and if they are physically

fit they may be directed from jobs of little value to the nation's war effort to more essential work.

2. How are the districts chosen in which these call-ups take place?

ANSWER: On the obvious basis of geography. It is useless asking a girl to be at work at an early hour in a factory which is situated too far away from her home.

Geography is thus the only "luck" factor. Some districts have been fully combed for workers because there are many factories within a reasonable distance, while others are still in process of being combed.

Powers of direction by the Directorate of Manpower are subject to



BRITISH WOMEN LABORERS employed by a London borough council shoulder picks and shovels to clear away raid damage. They volunteered for this arduous job.



HOUSEWIFE TURNED MUNITION-MAKER. This aproned factory-worker typifies the vast change the war has brought in the lives of women who have left the kitchen bench to do a war job.

suitable accommodation being available.

For that reason we can direct workers from the country to city jobs only when accommodation is available.

3. What is the policy on direction of married women into war jobs?

ANSWER: Powers of direction apply to all women whether married or single. Married women already in employment may be directed to a more essential industry.

Manpower appreciates the action of married women who come forward following urgent appeals for emergency needs.

4. Does this mean that a soldier's wife without children is not



TRAINED INTERVIEWERS advise a girl about jobs available. Where insufficient women volunteer for essential work, girls are now diverted from non-essential jobs.

available for call-up, though her domestic duties are limited to the care of herself and an otherwise empty home?

ANSWER: Many soldiers' wives are working, but if others choose to remain as housewives after their husbands go away they are simply in the same position as any other married woman.

5. What amount of domestic duties is considered sufficient to exempt a single woman?

ANSWER: Every case is considered on its merits. Manpower is well aware of the need to keep up the efficiency of the family unit and of its value to the welfare of the workers in that family.

6. What amount of voluntary war work for Red Cross, Comforts Funds, Canteens, and so on is sufficient for exemption?

ANSWER: Before manpower needs became so urgent, a woman engaged for 22 hours on vital voluntary work was exempt.

Now, with a greater number of women required for essential work, this exemption does not apply.

It is obviously more urgent to process food than to serve food already processed at a canteen.

7. What occupations are considered as non-essential?

ANSWER: Emphasis is laid on what is essential rather than on what is non-essential. Priority is given to hospitals, food processing, transport, and rural employment.

Girls suitable for these high priority industries may be spread through many of the non-essential ones, like cake and pastry making, cosmetics and perfumery, artificial flowers, beauty parlors, fancy leather goods, and so on.

Such occupations are now being manpowered.

8. What consideration is given when a highly paid girl earning from, say, £5 to £7 weekly, is to be switched to work at £3 or £4 weekly? Are family responsibilities taken into account?

ANSWER: Manpower regulations make provision for an appeal against a direction order on the grounds of hardship.

During the past four war years there have been innumerable appeals for volunteers to transfer to work of high priority. Many of these jobs brought better conditions and higher pay to the girls who responded.

There are still well-paid jobs open to volunteers. An example is the present appeal for girls as conductresses on trams and buses.

9. Some firms and some industries have been directed to release a percentage of their women staff for essential jobs. Does this not give the power of direction to the employer rather than to the manpower authorities?

ANSWER: Employers have no power of direction.

When industries have been manpowered as a separate unit, recommendations are made by a committee convened by the manpower authorities. On this all representatives of the employer and of the employees, under the manpower chairman,

10. Can a percentage of women evade their manpower responsibilities?

ANSWER: There are dodgers of every sort of national responsibility.

We would need thousands of inspectors to keep a constant check that every one is doing her duty to the full.

Red-haired Oxford don drops in on Tito

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

When red-haired, green-eyed, ex-Oxford don Bill Deakin parachuted out of a moonlit sky to join Marshal Tito's Partisan army in Yugoslavia, he left behind in Cairo a lovely dark-eyed Rumanian girl, who had just become his wife.

Personal friend of Britain's Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, Bill Deakin, now Lieutenant-Colonel Deakin, and secretly awarded D.S.O. winner, is leader of the British Military Mission to Marshal Tito's Partisan forces.

FOR eight months after his mysterious departure from Cairo in May last year, neither Lieutenant-Colonel Deakin's bride, nor his mother, nor his wide circle of friends in Great Britain had any idea where he had gone.

His mother, who lives in a 16th-century Hertfordshire farmhouse, says news of her son's marriage was a surprise, and that she still has no picture of her daughter-in-law or the wedding, but that these are on the way.

His mother thinks that it must have been while he was learning the Rumanian language that Lieutenant-Colonel Deakin met the girl he married.

"He has always been a great admirer of Central European women," Mrs. Deakin said. "He has a great

love of all Central European countries, and in peacetime spent most of his holidays in Prague or the Balkans."

Before the war, Bill Deakin spoke French, German, and Italian fluently, and since the outbreak and his secret adventures in Europe he has picked up many more languages.

His present undertaking in Yugoslavia is the third secret mission he has carried out for Great Britain abroad, since the day when he hung up his cap and gown and changed into uniform.

Thirty years old, Lieutenant-Colonel Deakin was Lecturer in Modern History at Oxford, and was one of the youngest dons at that famous University.

Dr. C. M. Bowra, Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, and a great friend of Lieutenant-Colonel Deakin, keeps his wide circle of friends there posted with the latest news of the young don's adventures.

Dr. Bowra told me: "Bill has all the sense of adventure, courage,

and romanticism one expects to go with red hair, green eyes, and keen intelligence."

"It doesn't surprise me that Prime Minister Churchill entrusted the spearhead of aid to Marshal Tito's forces to him."

"They're vigorous types, these younger dons."

Dr. Bowra went on: "Deakin has the kindest heart and most generous attitude toward life of any young man I know."

"He was never a person to court successful people, but loved and understood men and women whom one might class as lame ducks."

"He had collected so many of them that when he was mobilised he asked me to look after them, and keep him informed how they were getting along."

"That's why I get short letters from Bill, telling me nothing of himself, but asking after all his old friends, and he gets long letters from me, which amount almost to reports."

"Bill was a brilliant boy. He won a history scholarship from Westminster to Christchurch. Later he became Fellow and Lecturer in Modern History at my college."

"It is from his young wife I learned he had a 'secret' D.S.O. She shares his love for and sympathy with people, and from the time he married her she has written to me."

"He loved a party. We missed his lively personality and good spirits when he went off to war."

"Most people think of dons as shy

types, but Bill Deakin knew everyone and was in everything. He is about five-foot-eight, and quite robust."

"He has a sensitive mouth that is full of humor, and he loves a joke."

"Bill was quite a film fan, too. It is not often one meets a young man with such catholic tastes."

Mrs. Deakin, mother of the young leader of the British Mission to Tito's forces, is planning an enormous welcome home for her son.

"Bill," she said, "is very fit and active, but really more of the student type. But then," she added, "reminiscently, thinking over his exploits since he joined up nearly five years ago, 'children always are a surprise to their parents.'"

"Bill and Mr. Churchill were great friends. Bill used to spend week-ends with the Churchill family when they lived in Epping Forest."

"He was doing historical research for the Prime Minister's book, 'Life of Marlborough.' Often he used to work with the Prime Minister round the house, giving him a hand when he was doing a bit of bricklaying."

"Bill has a wide circle of bright young friends, and loves life," his mother said. "Just the same," she added, "it came as a surprise to us that Bill had been doing parachute jumps."

To his already long and varied list of friends, Lieutenant-Colonel Deakin has now added the fighting leader of the Yugoslav Partisans.

Editorial

MARCH 25, 1944

WORKERS

MUST EAT

ACCOMMODATION shortages in many Australian cities have worsened over the past few months. Now swift Government action is needed if conditions are to be saved from chaos.

The army of home-front workers, many of them in vital war jobs, must be fed and housed adequately if its members are to do an efficient day's work.

The housing shortage is one aspect of the problem to which no adequate solution can be found until building is resumed after the war.

But the accommodation of workers in boarding-houses and residential is another matter.

The influx of thousands of war workers from country districts has doubled the number of city boarders. Meanwhile the proprietors of guest-houses have found it increasingly difficult to maintain adequate staffs.

Many have had to offer bed and breakfast instead of board; as a result their residents are forced to pack into the already overcrowded cafes.

Some greedy landlords have transformed their establishments into flats and rooms for which Allied servicemen pay exorbitant prices.

Many hotels, which under law must provide a certain number of rooms and meals for guests, are failing to do so because of staff shortages.

It is ironical that these fully furnished rooms should be closed up while mothers are tramping desperately about looking for shelter for their families.

Surely the time has come for an up-to-date survey of accommodation in Sydney and similar centres of war industry.

Then it should be possible to see that war workers have the first call on what is available.

—THE EDITOR.

Leave on the beautiful Isle of Capri



BARBECUE IN DARWIN. R.A.A.F. boys tuck up for a "cut off the joint" while Squadron-Leader Austin carries the bullock provided by a nearby cattle station.

R.A.A.F. men visit famous Mediterranean resort

Australians serving with the R.A.A.F. in the Mediterranean forces are discovering the world-famed beauties of the Isle of Capri for themselves when on leave.

Their letters home speak of its beauty and historic interest, and Corporal R. H. Joy, writing to his sister at Croydon, N.S.W., tells of meeting relatives of an Italian who is now prisoner of war in Australia.

DURING my leave spent at Capri we were in a shop having a little trouble with the language, and an old joker speaking good English offered to help us," writes Corporal Jay.

"Later he introduced us to his daughter, whose husband is an Italian P.O.W. in Australia. The three of us went home that evening and met her two step-daughters and step-son.

"We had a very enjoyable evening, and they apologised for not being able to offer us wine, but as the four of them were dependent on the few piano lessons the mother gives, it was understandable.

"We left, promising to return the following evening. We did, and took blacitas with us, as we were pretty sure they were not too well fed.

"When we produced them, Ma brought to light a large bottle of the wine that Capri is famous for. We fell on the wine, and they heeded into the bistro.

"The mother had been a concert pianist before the war, and played a lot of classical music for us, so a good night was had by all.

"On our second day we visited Villa San Michele, world-renowned home of Dr. Axel Munthe.

"It is built on the site of the old Roman temple, and the young woman who shows visitors round is a niece of the housekeeper mentioned in the book, and is herself also a character in it.

"The villa contains all sorts of things, from ancient carved granite gods of Egypt right down to my name in the visitors' book.

"From the grounds of the villa, which is built on the edge of the cliffs about 1000-odd feet up, there are some really magnificent views that are beyond my powers of description.

"On our way back our driver pointed out the Queen of Sweden's



BATHING PARTY. Soldiers in New Guinea keep cool when off duty. Photo sent by Pte. V. Fenton to his wife in Sandringham, Vic.

Villa and Count Ciano's and Gracie Fields.

"When we visited the old Monastery of Certosa, built in 1379, we went to see through it and were shown round by a priest who was also a Professor of French but was teaching himself English.

"Proudly he informed us he was up to lesson seven, and got it out to show us. 'The book is open.' 'The book is shut,' and so on.

"We had our photos taken by the local artist, and, boy, are they terrible! When we went to collect them at night we found the photographer had 'gone to earth' because Naples—17 miles away—was being bombed.

"The local people were all very nice to us. All and sundry can find time to pull up and have a yarn, rich or poor, man, woman, or child."

Sergeant Ken Jacob, R.A.A.F., to Miss Mavis Fall, View Street, Canterbury, Vic.:

"I HAVE just returned from a marvellous five days' leave on the Isle of Capri. We set off from camp by truck over the Apennines to Naples. The Bay of Naples can be seen from the road, with Naples in the distance, and also Vesuvius.

"After a steak and chips for lunch in Naples we caught the Sorrento-Capri ferry-boat. It took about an

hour to cross to Capri, and I had the time of my life laughing at the other lads, most of whom were ill.

"Capri rises sharply out of the water, and on disembarking we wondered how we were going to get on to the island. We soon found out. We paid three lire for a train ride, a funicular it was, and it is hauled up this steep ascent by a strong steel cable.

"Capri is really a lovely spot. To get to the shops we had to walk through alleyways which are about ten feet wide and are made of either concrete or asphalt. The slides are lined with trees and shrubs.

"Next day we went to Anacapri. There is a very beautiful church there. What struck me most was the floor. It is decorated in a design of the Garden of Eden, and is really delightful.

F/O. C. D. Barnett to his wife in Bordertown, S.A.:

"IN the hope of seeing Queen Mary we visited a church in a nearby village.

"Dave Gibson and two New Zealanders accompanied me, so both countries from 'down under' were represented.

"We biked to the church, which was snugly situated amidst tall trees near a large old English home belonging to a Duke.

"We sat with the village folk, and were thrilled to see the Queen sitting in a balcony behind and above us.

"She must have spotted us there, as, when we were leaving, the Duke came and welcomed us, and said the Queen wanted to meet us.

"It was a great honor to shake hands with the Queen Mother, and she chatted freely and naturally with us.

"She looks remarkably well for her age, and we were all impressed



THREE AUSTRALIANS, members of the R.A.A.F. in the Central Mediterranean, spending their leave at Capri. Photo sent by Cpl. R. H. Jay (left), to his family.

by her manner, and the way in which she spoke of our country and our work.

"We rode home from the church feeling proud of the Royal rulers."

S/Leader G. D. Graham, of R.A.A.F., in England, to his wife at Ipswich, Qld.:

"A FEW nights ago I was over Berlin. It is still a hard target and a long way.

"Conditions at base on return were tough, with cloud down to 600ft, heavy haze and fog. You can imagine the shambles, with hundreds of Lancasters flying round at that height.

"We all had a heavy blow, W.C. Halford was killed; he crashed not far from the drome.

"I've mentioned him often, and only a few days ago told you of the happy party we had in honor of his lovely young wife and baby son, who had come here to join him.

"Gosh, he was a great chap, only 22, and had done 84 ops against the Hun. I had been with him for 12 months, and we were great friends.

"I suppose you have gathered from my previous letters how I missed him when I left my former place, and when I came here he was here to meet me.

"He was always telling me to take no chances and to watch myself. Before we left to take off he raced out and yelled, 'I'll see you at the interrogation,' but, unfortunately, he did not make it.

"I thought such a lot of him; he had more friends than any man I have ever known. Every chap in the Service who knew him liked him."

Pte. K. Egan, in New Guinea, to a friend in Temora, N.S.W.:

"THIS place has several drawbacks.

"The ground is so steep we have to dig into the side of the hill when we are gone to sleep.

"My panikin took a tumble the other day, and I had to go down after the darned thing. So I put a button it on to my belt at night.

"Water is more plentiful here, and so beautifully cool. The only fix in the soup is we have to go down three or four hundred feet to get it."

Sub-Lieut. S. H. Rieck, to his mother, Mrs. A. B. Rieck, Coalstown Lakes, N.S.W.:

"WE had an interesting experience a couple of months ago.

"About half-past seven one morning we sighted a small motor boat.

"We went up to investigate, and found that it contained four men, two women, and a girl.

"They had sneaked away from one of the Channel Islands, purchasing petrol from the Germans the previous afternoon in a fog, and had come about 45 miles during the night.

"We gave them food and water, and another ship took them to port.

"As they were leaving one man said: 'Good luck. It won't be long now.' And they knew it, too.

"Later that day we saw German aircraft apparently looking at the boat."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS is a week of contrasts. The good days should be very good, while the adverse days will be unusually difficult for many groups.

Moreover, the sun now changes from the sign Pisces into Aries, so that Arians, Sagittarians, and Leonians can plan to be more venturesome, while Pisceans and scorpions must live more cautiously.

At the same time, conditions should prove less difficult for the majority of Virgoans and Geminians, but somewhat detrimental to the affairs of Cancerians, Capricornians, and Librans.

Good days at present are likely to prove doubly good for Leonians; adverse days for Librans, as shown in the Daily Diary, can prove doubly difficult.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Some good news ahead, so plan and work carefully and constructively. March 22 (morning) very fair; March 23 (morning) very good; March 24 (to afternoon) very good, then fair. Make good things, seek gains, promotions, and look for good news.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): March 23 (morning) fair; March 24 (to 3 p.m.) March 25 (morning) very good, then fair. Minor gains. Avoid rashness.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Slight improvement in recent weeks, but avoid any impulse. March 21, 22, 23, and 24 are good, but delays, difficulties, and worry. March 25 (after sunset) very fair, but forenoon poor. March 26 (to 3 p.m.) fair.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Recent planetary benefits now give way to continuing difficulties, delays, and worry, so be cautious, especially on March 21, 24, 25, and parts of March 23 and 26 (evening).

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Good fortune possible on March 24 (but after 10 p.m. only). March 25 (except early forenoon) good, then fair. March 26 (from noon to 3 p.m.) Tricky conditions on March 21 and 22 (early 22), 23 (day), 27, and 28.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Recent difficulties and oppositions may now ease up, but avoid rashness and demands. March 21 very poor, also March 24. March 25 and 26 may be tricky.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Time for cautious, patient living. If you avoid close friends, parties, losses, disappointments, and unwanted changes in your life, you will be safe. March 21 poor; March 24 adverse; March 25 and 26 tricky. Try to relax.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): A strain week, so live rationally. March 21 difficult; March 22 (early) poor; March 23 (later) fair; March 24 (midday) fair; then poor to March 26.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): March 21 may be the end of recent difficult weeks. Thereafter look ahead for better times. March 22 (morning) good; March 23 and 24 poor. March 25 (morning) good; thereafter poor.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): This group is quietly now, but expect difficulties and worry. March 21 and March 24 can be upsetting and disappointing. March 25 and 26 poor. Houston bet.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): March 21 brings danger of losses or loss. March 22 (morning) quite happy. March 23 and 24 poor.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Slow down recent headlong times, and moderate gains. March 22 can produce good results, but March 23 and 24 look gloomy. Houston bet. then.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents an astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"She certainly didn't wear many clothes!"
"I don't think she did too badly, seeing she didn't get any coupons."

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master Magician, is in danger of losing **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, who has made a startling success as a wrestler. Lothar does not like fighting unless angry, and wants to quit. But he is tricked into signing a contract, and sensationally defeats **Killer**, a front-rank wrestler. At this,

SHARPY: A wrestling manager, matches him with **Bonecrusher**, but while that wrestler is afraid he will meet the same fate as **Killer**, Lothar refuses to take part in the wrestle. Thereupon Sharpy sends strong-arm men to bring him to the arena.



NOW READ ON:



OR NO OTHER NIGHT--



OR NO OTHER DAY, EITHER--BECAUSE--



--ME NO LIKE TO FIGHT!



AT THE ARENA--

WHAT'S HOLDING IT UP?



HE'S PURPOSELY STALLING--JUST TO GET ME MORE NERVOUS--

TAKE IT EASY, BONECRUSHER--YOU'LL SHAKE YOURSELF RIGHT OFF THE TABLE.



LOTHAR HAS ALWAYS USED HIS GREAT STRENGTH TO DEFEND HIS LIFE, OR SOMEONE ELSE'S--HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND FIGHTING FOR MONEY--

TALK TO HIM--HE'S GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS--I'LL BE RUINED--



LOTHAR, YOU HAVE A CONTRACT WITH MR. SHARPY--YOU MUST APPEAR--

ALL RIGHT--ME GOING TRY TO LOSE---



MR. SHARPY SAY ME GOT TO GO GOOD, SO CAN FIGHT CHAMP. ME GOING TO DO BAD--ME NOT GOING TO FIGHT AT ALL--

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



ME GOING JUST STAND THERE--LET MR. BONECRUSHER BEAT ME--THEN MR. SHARPY LET ME ALONE--TEAR UP CONTRACT--LET ME QUIT RASLE STUFF.



LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HIM--HE LOOKS LIKE A BUTCHER--HE'LL MOIDER ME--I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!



ME NOT GONNA FIGHT MR. BONECRUSHER--GOING LET HIM BEAT ME QUICK--SO ME CAN QUIT RASLE STUFF.



ME SORRY--VERY SORRY--THEM MAKE ME FIGHT YOU, MR. BONECRUSHER.



HEAR THAT? HE'S SORRY--SORRY HE'S GOTTA MURDER ME!

COME ON--YOU GOT TO GO TO THE RING!



I WON'T GO INTO THE RING WITH HIM! IT'S SUICIDE!

TO BE CONTINUED



MARGARET JONES, evacuee from Manchester, who has decided she wants to stay in Australia for the rest of her life.



ACW JULIA MACALPINE (left), and ACW "Bobbie" Newman, of W.A.A.F., write home to England. Julia came out during the blitz.



DOROTHY LOFT, from Kent, busy at her typewriter in a Melbourne insurance company office. Her brother Reg is out here, too.



JEAN PATTERSON, from Northumberland, has been for three years with an aunt and uncle in Brisbane. She is now a teacher.



MARY McDONALD, Scottish girl, sews trousseau for her wedding with Australian farmer Ted Anthony, planned for next month.

British evacuee youngsters have grown up here

Some are now in armed Services; others are beginning careers

Many of the British youngsters who came to Australia during the terrible blitz of 1940-41 have grown up into young men and women embarking on careers in a new country.

Fifteen of them are serving with the armed forces or the Mercantile Marine; nearly 200 are now in jobs. Many of them have so grown to love Australia they would like to make their homes here.

ROMANCE has come to Scottish Mary McDonald. She is to be married to an Australian farmer next month. Another girl, Eleanor Harris, is engaged to an Australian soldier in New Guinea.

Some English parents are promising to follow their children out here.

In Melbourne there is already one happy united family, because the mother and father came out a year after their son left them. In the meantime warm-hearted Australians are acting as guardians to the children, and setting them off on their careers.

Pretty Mary McDonald, 18, from Glasgow, met her Victorian farmer fiancé, Ted Anthony, while staying with an aunt at Coonway, Vic. Ted has seen service in New Guinea, was discharged on account of illness, and has taken up a farm at Wonthaggi, Victoria.

He and his little Scottish fiancée are making plans for their new home, and Mary is busy sewing her trousseau in her spare time.

She is a dressmaker in a clothing factory.

Her future sister-in-law, Mrs. Robin Clark, has offered to lend her a wedding dress of soft white tulle.

"Ted's people have been wonderful to me. His mother is giving her own coupons to buy our sheets," Mary said.

"I am happy to have had two cables from my parents—one to give their consent, and one to congratulate us."

Mary is one of seven children of Mr. and Mrs. William McDonald, of Glasgow. She had her 15th birthday on board the ship which brought her to Australia. With her were her younger sister Margaret and brother Rammy.

Finding life happy in the W.A.A.F., is vivacious little brown-eyed Julia Macalpine, who came out to N.S.W. when she was 15.

She went to Frenham School at Mittagong for two years. Soon after her 18th birthday she

joined the W.A.A.F. and is now a trainee telegraphist.

One of her closest friends in the Service is ACW "Bobbie" Newman, who came to Australia from England before the war.

"I love Australia, although in waves I get terribly homesick for Mum and Dad," said ACW Macalpine.

Tony Smith, who came here when he was 13, is the lucky lad who has his parents, Captain and Mrs. C. E. Smith, of London, now in Australia, with him.

They came out a year after he did, and have bought a home at Springvale, Vic., quite near the engineering firm where Tony, now 17, is an engineer apprentice.

Tony has his own workshop in a shed in the garden. He wants to be a marine engineer.

"It was terrible to have Tony leave us," said Mrs. Smith. "He looked very forlorn when he left us at Euston Station in knickerbockers."

"It was fortunate for Tony that he left London, because a month after he was gone our house was bombed and his bedroom was blown away completely," said Mrs. Smith.

Wants to stay

"If ever I have a chance to go to England to see my people I will, but only for a visit. I would never stay, I couldn't leave Australia now. I just love it."

That is how fond of Australia vivacious Margaret Jones, from Manchester, has become since she arrived in 1941 to stay with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bell, of Annerley, Brisbane.

"I have my parents' consent to remain," she said. "They realise the opportunities over here are greater than they are at home, and are willing to let me stay."

Margaret is taking a commercial course.

Like many of the children who came out, she is losing her accent.

"It becomes pronounced," she said, "when I get excited, and then I can hardly make myself understood."

Margaret's sister, Sheila, came out,

Then—and now



BRITISH EVACUEE LAD as he was on arrival in Australia in October, 1940 (left), and as he is to-day, a member of the A.T.C.



too, and is staying with another relative.

She left home when she was seven, but although she is quite happy here and enjoying herself at school, she wants to go back to England to live.

Their only brother, Jack, is in the British Navy.

Now doing her "rookie's" training as member of the Australian Women's Army Service is a rosy-cheeked Yorkshire lass, Vera Field.

When she signed up in Melbourne at the end of February she was the first of the British girl evacuees to enter the A.W.A.S.

"I have been waiting patiently for the last six months, until I was 18, and could join the A.W.A.S.," she said.

"I hope our mother and father will come out here to live in Australia after the war," said pretty Dorothy Loft, who is here with her brother, Reg.

Dorothy, 18, is a typist in an insurance office, and Reg, 17, is working with an engineering firm.

"We like English mail-days best of all," they said.

Just starting her career as a nurse in a Melbourne hospital is fair-haired Joan McCappin, from Wimbledon.

Soon after she began training six weeks ago, she received a cable from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McCappin, wishing her a happy eighteenth birthday, and good luck for her nursing.

"If I could get my parents to come out here I would certainly like to live here permanently," said

Jean Patterson, who is staying with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leach, of Indorooilly, Brisbane.

She came from Northumberland. "When I said good-bye to my parents I was fifteen, and hoped to be home in a couple of years," she said. "Since I have been in Australia I have grown to like it very, very much, and to feel at home here."

Soon after she arrived she attended the Teachers' Training School, and is now on the staff of the Wilsonton State School.

"I'm sure we were sent the nicest child in the ship," said Mrs. Thurlow, of Newmarket, Brisbane.

That's what she thinks of her charge, Douglas Cooper, who has stayed with her since he arrived in Brisbane.

"My husband and I have no children of our own, so we consider Douglas our own son."

Douglas, who is 15 years old, is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cooper, Walsall, England. He has two brothers, John, in the British Army, and Drummond, in the British Navy.

To study law

WHEN he leaves grammar school he hopes to study law.

He'd like to join partnership in England with his brother, John, who interrupted his law studies at Oxford to join the Army.

Tossing up between joining the Air Force and the Navy when he enlists is 16-year-old Anthony Brennan, known as Tony to all his friends.

"I think it will be the Air Force," he says.

Tony possesses a slight accent and a very attractive smile. He is six feet tall.

At present he is in the insurance department of a big city firm, but does not intend to remain in Australia.

"Please send us more snaps as many as you can," is the latest request pretty little Audrey Beswick received from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Beswick, of Oldham, Lancashire.

She was 14 when she arrived, and will be eighteen in April.

From a schoolgirl she has grown to a working-girl earning her own living as a stenographer in a film company's office.



DOUGLAS COOPER, now 15 years old, hails from Walsall, England. He likes Australia.



TONY BRENNAN, 16, who came from Northumberland, has his first job in an insurance office.



AUDREY BESWICK, of Lancashire, in the garden of her Australian home in Brisbane.



JOAN McCAPPIN, nursing trainee, receives instruction about how to arrange a pillow from Sister Mary Smeal (right) at the Royal Melbourne Hospital. She left home when 14.



TONY SMITH, 17, with his mother and father, Captain and Mrs. C. E. Smith, who followed him to Australia a year after he left England. Tony is now an engineering apprentice.



VERA FIELD, 18, at the head of the line, receiving her paybook after joining A.W.A.S. at a Melbourne recruiting depot. Vera came from Yorkshire over three years ago.

AFTER THE BATH...with our New Year baby



OUR NEW YEAR BABY, Fay Lorraine Morgan, looks at the world with her wide-apart clear blue eyes. Mother's hands give soothing massage to strengthen her muscles.



SETTING-UP EXERCISES, baby version. Fay stretches and kicks vigorously in the sunshine of a warm, autumn morning.



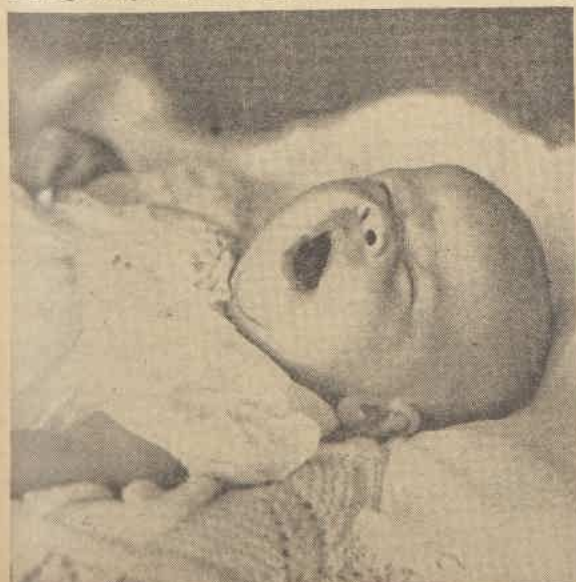
HAPPY FROM HER EXERTION, Fay gives her first recorded, smile to The Australian Women's Weekly photographer.



UM! UM! What a nice time to relax after all that. Fay's little mind is now beginning its first awakening.

FAY LORRAINE MORGAN, first baby born in 1944 at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, was chosen as our New Year baby. Her progress and development are being recorded by us from month to month as a help to mothers everywhere.

These pictures were taken when Fay was eight weeks old. She now weighs 10lb. 15oz. She gained 2lb. 5oz. during the month, and has grown an inch since birth.



SHE YAWNS DROWSILY and drops her little arms to her sides. This certainly has been a very crowded hour.



BORED. Photographer or no photographer, Fay drops off to sleep; best dress and all. Later, mother tucked her securely in her bassinet.—Baby studies by A. Chambers.

THEY resumed walking, but in silence. After a while she said, "I heard to-night that the senior officers have been ordered to stay on the station after dark. Is that true?"

"True," he grinned. "It doesn't sound very promising, does it? I mean—they can't have much idea of who is doing the shooting, can they?"

Should he deny that? It was his opportunity to warn her, yet he did not seize it. He said, "I don't know what Bloom is up to. He doesn't say much about his doings."

He noticed her quick glance. He thought she looked almost surprised. Her next words confirmed this.

"But he gave me to understand that you had been of great help to him."

It was his turn to express surprise. "Bloom told you that? We do nothing but fight each other. If I was, it was unconscious," he said, adding lightly, "Did Bloom suggest that my brilliance would lead to an early arrest?"

"He said nothing about arrest. He went on to tell me that precautions had been taken against further attacks outside. I thought that sounded unpromising, and it rather dimmed the tribute he paid you. He wouldn't need to keep the senior officers inside if he could now—thanks to your help—make an arrest outside, would he? I can see that clearer now myself. He went on to talk about—"

She halted suddenly. After a moment Don prompted her.

"About—what?" he asked gently. She laughed. "I don't know why I should tell you. But you're not very conceited, so perhaps it won't do you any harm. He said you were a good officer and would finish high up."

Don was suspicious rather than flattered.

"I'll probably finish high up in heaven if he doesn't do something about it." And then, "Maybe that's what he meant."

She shook her head. "He was sincere enough. He said you were a good man for anybody to have

Continuing . . . Wings To Beat

from page 2

behind them if they were in trouble. The way he put it was—you're dependable and trustworthy."

"It sounds like an unsolicited testimonial," said Don, but he was looking at her strangely, wondering whether she had missed Bloom's point—whether she was very simple or engagingly innocent, or both. For to him Bloom's motive now seemed fairly clear. He was trying to build up her confidence in him. Don, so that she might bring herself to confess something that would help along the investigations.

Don would have no hand in such business. He said, "More mockery. Bloom was enjoying himself tonight."

"I shouldn't have told you," she said, "then it would have misfired."

They had reached the hospital and were now standing outside the door. She seemed to have pushed her recent distress right to the back of her mind.

"I'll remember his reference, anyhow. When I have another secret to share I'll bring it to you. Good-night."

She smiled and nodded and was gone.

Don went straight to the mess. He intended to protest to Bloom about this new line of his. But the mess was mainly occupied by senior officers who were doing their despairing best to fill in an evening. Rogers was reading in a corner, and several junior officers were playing darts and billiards. Bloom was not there.

Don crossed to Bloom's sleeping hut, but the detective was not in bed, either. Bloom had been assigned a spare cubicle in one of the junior officers' huts. Dutchy had a cubicle there, too—at the far end. There was a light in one of the cubicles at that end, and Don went down to inquire of the occupant whether Bloom had been around.

He looked in at the open door and found Camden reading in bed. Don observed, "You've hit the hay."

early. I suppose you found the flying to-day pretty strenuous?"

Camden grinned. "I'm trying to catch up a bit of time, sir. I've got a pretty noisy neighbor."

"Nobody has a monopoly on noise in this hut, so I've heard," said Don dryly. Bloom had complained about being disturbed by the spirited youngsters.

"I've got a radio fiend next to me. Dutchy spends half the night trying to pick up Dutch and Java stations. Snell, across the passage, could sleep through a blitz. He makes a racket all on his own, anyway. Between the two I'm holding the wrong end of the stick."

"You'd better shift to another hut," suggested Don.

But Camden's grouch was not deep-seated. "I get back on them occasionally," he grinned.

Don nodded, and asked about Bloom. Camden said he had not seen the detective or heard him round that evening. Don noticed that he had a radio set, also. It was of the portable type favored by officers—a short-wave with a wide range.

The men had to register their sets with the station adjutant, and had to obtain permission to erect aerials. The particulars of these aerials were also recorded, and Don decided to look up the file to see whether Dutchy had anything special in the way of receiving apparatus. A person could quite easily receive messages on an ordinary short-wave set from overseas and answer them during, say, a musical programme broadcast from an ordinary station.

Don went back to the mess, but Bloom had not turned up in his absence. He wondered then whether the detective had followed Dutchy into town and rung the guardroom. Bloom had a special pass to present at the gates, and being a civilian was likely to come under special notice. But the sergeant reported that he had not gone out.

Don decided to go to bed. The show-down could wait until the morning.

The hut which Don shared with fourteen others was on the outside of the block; his side faced south. There were sixteen rooms in the hut, eight on each side and separated by a central corridor. One of the rooms at the end was used by the stewards for their junk.

All the others were occupied by senior officers excepting one—next door—which was occupied by Rogers. The doors had Yale locks. The officers carried their keys round with them on their key rings. When they happened to mislay their rings they went to the stewards' room, where a board of duplicate keys was kept.

Don woke up during the night disturbed by a noise that his senses were not used to. At first all he could hear was the occasional chirp of a wide-awake cricket. There it was again—the scraping of metal against metal outside his door.

He guessed what it was immediately. Somebody was trying to insert a key in the lock of his door, and being very furtive about it.

Don sat up, then stealthily released the mosquito-net and slid his legs over the side. A board creaked as he stood up. He slid silently to the door, turned the knob cautiously, and peered out. He was just in time to see a figure in blurred silhouette against the open end door enter the stewards' room.

Don went down the corridor silently praying that he would miss any other boards which creaked. He stopped just short of the door and cautiously peered round the jamb. A thin pencil of light from a miniature torch was playing over the board. In the dim reflection of the light he saw the man's face beneath an Air Force forage cap. He stared, startled. But there was no mistake.

He sneaked into the room and whispered, "What on earth are you playing at, Bloom?"

The light snapped out. Don grumbled, "You gave me a start. What do you mean by it?" And then, "Don't wake the others—come outside."

By the light of the stars Don saw that the detective was dressed in airman's uniform. When they were clear of the hut Don drew his attention to this severely.

"It's a disguise," said Bloom coldly. "Haven't you any brains?"

"What are you up to, anyway?" Don asked, "trying to break into my room at this hour disguised as an airman?"

"I just wanted to get your ear quietly. I didn't want to rouse you suddenly and cause a riot. But some fool removed your key from the board, and I had to try them all. Why should your key be missing?"

"Somebody is making another from it," sneered Don. "It wouldn't occur to them that they could get in through the open windows almost as easily as through the door."

"I thought of it," said Bloom, "but I didn't want to startle you."

Don guessed the detective was rambling for a purpose; apparently he was not going to be frank. He asked, "What did you want to tell me?"

"Tell you?"—absently. And then, "Oh, I just wanted to tell you that I won't be round for a couple of days."

Don said gently, "So you're going to disappear. Why should I be interested in that?"

"No more than anybody else, I suppose. But you were the first person I thought of after I made my plans. I didn't want my absence to cause a fuss. It seemed simple enough to creep in and shake you up."

"It all sounds pretty lame to me," grunted Don. "I don't believe you wanted to wake me up at all."

"If that key hadn't been missing—"

"They're often missing. The stewards put them in their pockets absent-mindedly when they're cleaning up the rooms. You needn't turn that into a mystery; just let it stay as an excuse."

"Okay by me," said Bloom, and rubbed one stocking foot against the other. He added, "I parked my shoes under the hut. I'll go and put them on."

He disappeared round the corner of the hut while Don waited. Bloom was absent a few minutes. When he reappeared it was at the door of the hut. He joined Don with an explanation.

"I left them at the other end. I came down through the hut to save my socks."

He sat down on the ground and commenced to put his shoes on. Don said suspiciously, "I left my door open—"

"I noticed that," said Bloom brightly, "so I shut it."

"You what?"

The dangerous note in Don's voice arrested Bloom. He said innocently, "What have I done now?"

"You've locked me out!"

"So I have. What a fool I am!" He paused. "But that won't matter. You can get in through the open windows almost as easily as through the door. You said so yourself."

He stood up, brushed down his uniform, put his cap on at a rakish angle.

"That's all to-night," he said briskly. "I'll be back in a couple of days. I'll leave it to you to cover up my trail. Just put it round that I've gone to town. I don't want anybody to suspect I'm still about here."

Don asked sarcastically, "Where do you expect to hole up on a station and not be discovered?"

"I'll show you," grinned Bloom, "but not to-night." He saluted solemnly. "Good-night," he said.

It was only after he had been gone some minutes that Don remembered he had not slatted the detective over the trick he had tried on Dawn. And that was when he was clambering sorely through his window.

Don was awakened next morning

Animal Antics



"He wants a pair of blue white duck pants."

by a steward, with a cup of tea in his hand.

"How did you get in here?" he demanded.

The steward looked surprised.

"How do you mean—how, sir?"

Don stared at the door. He could see a key on the outside jutting from the lock. He said, "I was locked out last night, and I couldn't find the duplicate key on the board. It wasn't there. Did you have it?" This wasn't strictly true, but it served.

The steward shook his head without guilt. "No, sir. It was on the board last night. The keys were all mixed up this morning, but I found it among them."

"All right," said Don, and dismissed the steward. He sipped his tea thoughtfully, wondering just what Bloom had really been up to last night.

After breakfast he had a look at the radio registration file. Dutchy had registered an ordinary portable set, but had obtained permission to erect a short mast on his hut to carry an aerial. In his application he had stressed the fact that he was from the Dutch East Indies and was, in consequence, interested in the broadcasts from that region, which would be received more clearly with the help of an elevated aerial.

Don put the file away. Dutchy had told no more than the truth.

He went back to his hut to pick up some notes concerning the training syllabus. These were in his wallet locked inside a steel wardrobe. He had put the note from the killer in there, too, for safe-keeping. But when he emptied out his wallet he noticed that it was no longer there.

That could only mean that somebody had removed it, and that somebody could only be the writer, of course. He had written it in a state of unease, and then had become more uneasy over its existence. Unless Bloom—

Don dismissed that as improbable. If Bloom had been after the note last night he certainly had not had time to unlock the wardrobe, search the shelves, uncover the wallet and extract the note during the few minutes he had been absent picking up his shoes. Bloom did not know he had received the note anyway.

Don summed up, "Dutchy did this. He regretted sending the thing afterwards, and thought it best destroyed."

He put away the wallet again and picked up his flying-boots, which he wanted dressed. He had spoken to his steward about them, and carried them down to the end room. The key board, he noticed, had been tidied up. Bloom had left several of the keys lying on the table. His own hook was occupied. His eyes wandered, fixed on something. He stared at it for a moment absently. His stare became harder, incredulous. A few minutes later he was crossing the station to the tarmac plunged in deep thought.

Several machines were warming up just off the tarmac, but there were many more unaccountably silent. He noted this fact subconsciously, for his ear was used to a deeper symphony at the zero hour of flying. As he entered his office his adjutant greeted him with a concerned face.

"Half of the aircraft are unserviceable, sir. Somebody's been tampering with them—"

To be continued

The Toast is ENGLAND

Cavalcade of Memories and Melodies of the Homeland . . . It reveals many interesting and romantic interludes.

2GB

9.15 p.m. Tues.

WIDE RANGE RECORDINGS



The most realistic reproduction of music . . . featuring world-famous artists.

Mon., Thurs., Fri. **2GB** SUNDAY 6 P.M.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, March 23: Reg Edwards' Garden Talk.

THURSDAY, March 24 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, March 25: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, March 26: Goodie Reeve presents a Radio competition, "Melody Foursome."

SUNDAY, March 27 (4.15 to 5.8): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, March 28: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, March 29: "Musical Alphabet."

Film Reviews

★ ★ CLAUDIA

THE screen version of Rose Franken's play, "Claudia," which was a Broadway sensation about three seasons ago, is grand, light-hearted entertainment.

The title role is vividly played by Dorothy McGuire, making her screen debut after her stage success in the same role. This appealing newcomer has a vivacity and refreshing charm that make her a natural Claudia.

The story tells of an 18-year-old bride, scatter-brained but delightful, who depends on her mother for every decision, and only when she learns that her mother is doomed to die, and that she herself is going to have a baby, does she achieve maturity.

Robert Young gets his best break for a long time, and makes the sympathetic but bewildered young husband a very real person.

Heading a competent supporting cast, Ina Claire as the mother and Reginald Gardner as the playwright are outstanding.—Century; showing.

★ ★ THE BLACK SWAN

THE Fox film, adapted from Rafael Sabatini's tale of piracy on the high seas, is packed with rollicking action, romance, tremendous spectacle, and lush technicolor.

It is a lusty story of the dashing English buccaners who plundered the Spanish Main, carrying off the women as well as the riches.

Tyrone Power's fans should give a whoop of delight at his casting as the devil-may-care, handsome pirate,



AMERICAN FILM STAR Don Barry, and his attractive young leading lady, Helen Talbot, recently arrived in Australia on their way to entertain troops in the forward areas. After this tour they are hoping to go to the European war zones.

star, selected by the Governor to expose a group of saboteurs. Smiley Burnette handles the comedy neatly, and Peggy Moran is adequate as the sole supplier of romance and decoration.

The plot permits the inclusion of a few tawdry numbers by Rogers and Bob Noian and the Sons of the Pioneers.—Capitol; showing.

THE breaking-up of Myrna Loy's marriage to John Hertz means the revival of a popular screen team, for Myrna has announced that she will make a screen comeback in MGM's "Return of the Thin Man." When Myrna married Hertz two years ago, she gave up her screen career in order to become a housewife.

AS a result of his recent plunge into art circles, Errol Flynn says he now intends buying a small art gallery on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, in conjunction with artist John Decker.

IN MGM's "Ziegfeld Follies," Fanny Brice will again play her celebrated role of Baby Snooks.

TO celebrate their sixteenth wedding anniversary, Paul Lukas presented his wife, Daisy, with a ring inscribed, "For service far beyond the line of duty."

Many novelties in show for troops

Big money in jackpot quiz

Many novelties have been introduced lately into "Rise and Shine," the 2GB Monday night show, with which thousands of servicemen and servicewomen have been entertained for the past two and a half years.

For these Jack Burgess and Al Thomas, who are now in charge of this mixture of variety, quiz, and jackpot, are responsible.

JACK BURGESS, formerly of Adelaide, acts as master of ceremonies, Maurie Gilman is in charge of the band, the Three Shades in Blue provide variety in rhythmic arrangement, and Melbourne arranger Peggy Brooks presents special vocal highlights.

Al Thomas has revived the Yes-No jackpot, but he will replace them on March 27 with a new competition as yet unnamed. He describes it simply as a whiz of a quiz.

The idea is this: Thomas names a letter of the alphabet. The contestant must name as many things as he or she can think of beginning with that letter.

To add to the excitement he pays 3d. for each of the first twelve words,

Interesting People

CAPTAIN NORA HEYSEN

war artist

FIRST Australian woman to be appointed a war artist in Australia, Miss Nora Heysen will record work of Australian Women's Services in South-west Pacific area. Holds rank of captain. Daughter of South Australian artist Hans Heysen, she has been painting since her early teens. Studied in London and Europe. In 1939 won Archibald Prize. Is represented in National Galleries of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane.



LT.-COL. J. D. AGAR

Army canteens

ASSISTANT Director, Australian Army Canteen Services, Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Agar organised and

opened first Other Ranks' Leave Club and first Officers' Club in Australia. Former Melbourne business man, he has been associated with development of Army canteens since war. Opened first A.I.F. canteens in Palestine, Egypt, Libya, and Syria. On return to Australia was appointed assistant director and posted to Queensland.

F/O. SHEILA McCLEMAN

first officer, W.R.A.N.S.

AT present touring Australia as member of naval board interviewing girls who wish to take special training course at Flinders naval depot to qualify for commission in W. R. A. N. S. First Officer Sheila McCleman is senior officer of W.R.A.N.S. Is first to hold rank of first officer. Enlisted as a rating. Is a barrister, and was one of first women to be called to Bar in Western Australia.



Find Me Just One Laugh

Continued from page 8

M. R. BECKLEMAN

fairly thundered: "Right away, Meyer. . . . King, you see that the advertisement is made ready at once. Make it strong. Use full pages. I am—"

The telephone rang. Miss Peters snatched it up. "The doctor is here," she reported weakly.

The general of NB Products did not hear her. He spoke across the desk to his staff. "Mr. Beckleman has been after me for months to take a rest," he said to them. "So for one week I am going to Atlantic City. I have shown you how to turn defeat into victory. How an idea can get even a businessman out of a—Dunkirk. Naturally, I would not go if I wasn't sure that the grand strategy which I have been outlining was completely sound. . . ."

"Now, Miss Peters, I will dictate the editorial I am alluding to. Please see that it goes on all bulletin boards during my absence. When Blumer returns my call I shall tell him that he is getting his Number Six Hand Balm at once. That it is our policy to keep faith with our customers and see that they get what they want under any and all circumstances."

"Now, Miss Peters, ask that man from the Internal Revenue Bureau to step in. I shall apologise again. If that doesn't suit him, let him sue me!"

Mr. Beckleman parked his big car in the small space beyond the shipping platform.

He was feeling good. Nothing like a few days of sea air to put pep in a man. Smiling, nodding paternally, he panted up the stairs and past the main warehouse. He came down the corridor leading to the general offices.

There was the green door! It stood open. Empty!

His brisk feet beat a merry clip-clop along the cement. The doors opening into the general offices almost sprang open under the vigor of his pressure. There they were—just his children. Running typewriters, punching at adding machines, putting letters in files. Not a telephone in the long room was in use! Mr. Beckleman beamed. Miss Krutz was at her desk! Her waste-paper basket was neat as two pins.

Mr. Beckleman waved his hand cheerily. "Good morning, Miss Peters. Don't bother to ask me how I am feeling. Everybody should get away for a few days now and then. Relaxation is everything. I am feeling almost like a boy again."

Miss Peters took his hat and coat and followed him into his private office.

"I'm so glad," she murmured. Mr. Beckleman rubbed his hands together. "Well, well, how are things? Eh? I noticed, as I was coming in, that my closet of Jiffishave skeletons is now empty." He laughed loudly. "I suppose Meyer emptied out the bottles and filled Blumer's order for hand balm."

"Mr. Meyer emptied the bottles the very day you left," Miss Peters said. She was still facing the hat-rack.

"Good, good," her boss rumbled approvingly. "Speed! That is what we need in this country. Speed and still more speed! I am writing an editorial on the subject shortly. By the way, please tell Prince, King, and Meyer that I am here. I wired them last night that I would like to have a little meeting this morning."

"I know," Miss Peters said. She turned away from the rack.

Mr. Beckleman was standing before his desk now. "With things straightened out, the boys won't be writing me memorandums," he said good-humoredly. He looked up, smiling.

Something about the way Miss Peters stood there, something about the way she kept twisting her fingers together, wiped away Mr. Beckleman's smile.

"Well?" he said sharply. Miss Peters took a deep breath. "Mr. King was suddenly called away this morning. His—his sister was taken ill."

Mr. Beckleman sat down in his chair. The little prickle of apprehension departed from the short hairs on his broad neck. "I am sorry to hear it. Is that all? You are looking as if you had seen a ghost."

"Mr. Prince telephoned. He—he won't be in until later afternoon. He—he didn't say why."

The president of NB Products frowned.

"Relaxation is one thing—" he began.

Miss Peters leaned across the desk. "Mr. Beckleman, I must—You should know—"

Was the woman crazy? Mr. Beckleman pushed back his chair.

"Mr. Blumer has been trying to— to reach you for several days," Miss Peters said with a rush.

"He has?" Her employer's dark little eyes chided her. "Why should that make you act as if the end of the world was just round the corner? He probably only wants to thank me personally for seeing to it that his order for Number Six NB Hand Balm was filled."

"Mr. Blumer cancelled that order, Mr. Beckleman."

"What? But you said—"

"I said we emptied the Jiffishave bottles."

Mr. Beckleman stared at her. His hands clutched the arms of his chair and he half arose.

"Is—is this the reason why King has a sick sister and Prince—?" Mr. Beckleman stopped abruptly. "Why did Blumer cancel that hand-lotion order, Miss Peters?"

"He got mad because—because we couldn't accept an immediate re-order for more Jiffishave. Please, Mr. Beckleman! It—it wasn't Mr. King's fault. He told Mr. Blumer that there was no chance of him getting any more Jiffishave at once. But Mr. Blumer wouldn't believe him. He—he was furious. He refused to accept delivery of the Number Six hand lotion."

"He—he said this was only the beginning. That unless we—we filled his new order for Jiffishave immediately, he would throw out every NB Product handled by the Green Front Stores."

As the words tumbled over the desk, Mr. Beckleman stared up helplessly. He shook his head as if to make certain that it was still in place and functioning. Finally, he spoke.

"Am I mad?" he gasped. "Blumer called Jiffishave a stinkeroo. He has tainted me with it for months. Now you are telling me—"

"That was before—the—the advertisements appeared telling people that we were withdrawing Jiffishave from the market because of war conditions."

FOR once in her long business career Miss Adele Peters lost touch with efficiency. Her small white fist thudded noiselessly on the desk blotter. "Don't you see, Mr. Beckleman? It's all part of the—the sort of times we are living in. When you tell people that they aren't going to be able to get things, they want them, whether they wanted them before or—not!"

"But—" "It not only applies to things like sugar and carraway seeds," his secretary hurried on almost tearfully. "A man I know bought six pairs of garters—and he hasn't worn garters for fifteen years."

"But—" "Please!" Miss Peters pleaded with him. "I—I suppose we should have notified you. But we didn't want to spoil your vacation. And—and your last editorial pointed out the necessity for—for all of us using our own initiative in—in a crisis. Oh, Mr. Beckleman! This—this place has been a mad-house! Every jobber in town has been trying to re-order Jiffishave. Mr. King is practically out of his mind. Men paid no attention to our regular advertising—I mean when we were telling them what a splendid product Jiffishave really was—but—"

"Well, I suppose they felt that if Jiffishave was really going off the market, it must be a pretty good product and they ought to have a supply. I—I know it doesn't make sense, but—but—Mr. Beckleman! What is it? Are you—"

But Mr. Beckleman was mercifully beyond the reach of words. He had fainted.

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Our Film Gradings

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars — below average.

and he turns in a neat performance. As this is his last film for the duration (he's now in the Navy), it's a good one to remember him by.

As the haughty and fiery-tempered aristocrat, Maureen O'Hara looks breathtaking in technicolor and provides a perfect foil for Power.

There is an impressive array of important stars featured in the supporting cast, and Laird Cregar, Thomas Mitchell, and George Sanders contribute fine characterisations as the rowdy ruffians.—Plaza; showing.

★ ★ DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE

THIS topical melodrama revolving round Nazi spies in the United States is exciting fare, but the tale is a far-fetched one, and the atmosphere is one of unreality and forced sensationalism.

The main thing to consider, however, is that, in spite of inconsistencies, this film is gripping entertainment, capably acted.

John Garfield, one of Hollywood's most frequently miscast actors, gets ample opportunities to show his ability. Raymond Massey, as a cunning neurologist and spy, and Moroni Olsen as the Nazi menace are extremely sinister, and give beautifully restrained performances.

Newcomer Nancy Coleman does an impressive job in a particularly difficult role. In spite of the fine actors with whom she is working, her performance is an outstanding one, and at all times completely convincing.

Director Robert Florey does a neat job in sustaining the suspense as well as tempo.—Tulley; showing.

★ KING OF THE COWBOYS

REPUBLIC STUDIOS give cowboy star Roy Rogers a better deal than usual in this Western. The story manages to include a trap show and a sabotage ring in addition to all the usual Western incidents, and the action proceeds at a lively pace.

Rogers does well as the rodeo



SECRETARY TO LADY WAKEHURST. Mrs. Bob Skene, newly appointed secretary to Lady Wakehurst at Government House, takes brother, Major Max Wheatley, A.I.F., who recently returned to Australia after escaping from Italian prison camp, to see Archibald Prize at Art Gallery.



HONEYMOONERS. Captain Murray Fairbairn, A.I.F., of Coombal, Moree, and Mrs. Fairbairn, who was ACW Lorna Shannon, W.A.A.A.F., of Tiersoomba, Mackay, Queensland, have returned from honeymoon at Boural, and are spending few days in Sydney before Murray returns to his unit.

On and off DUTY.

CAN hardly wait to see replica parcels, showing what is sent to our Australian prisoners of war in Germany as packed for us by Canadian Red Cross, at Red Cross Exhibition to be held at Anthony Hordern's Art Gallery on March 28.

"These parcels will be displayed for first time," says Mrs. Gilmore Rees, who is arranging exhibition. "Because of shipping facilities, Australian Red Cross sends cash to Canada, and they send our parcels," she adds.

Twenty different sections of Red Cross work will be exhibited—including one display which is entitled "For the Curious." Mrs. Rees most mysterious about this display, and says "Wait and see."

Dr. George Morel, representative of International Red Cross in Australia, will open exhibition.

BOTH on leave, Captain John Gilchrist, A.I.F., and his wife, Flight-Officer Bettie Gilchrist, W.A.A.A.F., come to Sydney to attend wedding this Wednesday of Bettie's sister, ACW Brenda Crighton Brown, W.A.A.A.F. John is on leave from New Guinea, and Bettie has leave from duties at W.A.A.A.F. Welfare headquarters, Melbourne. Brenda plans marriage at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, with Mr. Keith Anderson, who has recently received his discharge from the A.I.F.

BUSY time for singer Madame Emmy Kimmell, who has large batch of mail to answer from ex-students who are now in fighting forces. Madame not only answers letters, but finds time to bake cakes for boys between practice hours.

LAC Charles Logan, R.A.A.F., who, before he joined up, tuned Madame's fine Bluthner piano, which she brought from Vienna, writes long, newsy letter from North.

Madame gives concert this Saturday evening at Macquarie Auditorium in aid of 2GB community chest, and military camp comforts and entertainment.

HOLIDAYING at Laura, Marion Alder announces engagement to Private Ian Bates, A.I.F. Marion is youngest daughter of late C. Alder, and of Mrs. R. Alder, Hurstville Park, and Private Bates is youngest son of late Mr. A. Bates, and of Mrs. R. M. Bates, of Darling Point.

HONEYMOONING at Wentworth Falls are Flying-Officer Ron Barker, R.A.A.F., and his bride, former Gloria Cameron. Ron is on leave from his dive-bomber squadron in New Guinea.



OUTDOOR AFTERNOON TEA. Red Cross aide Mrs. Margaret Multrick (extreme right) serves tea to Army Minister, Mr. Forde, Lady Wakehurst, Mrs. Cecil Hordern at opening of Eva Hordern Red Cross Home, Strathfield. Home is named after Mrs. Hordern, who has been associated with Red Cross since beginning of last war.



DOGS DAY OUT. Mrs. G. Payne and Mrs. J. W. S. Laidley take pet Sealghams to Kanteen Kennel Carnival at Sydney Sports Ground. In aid of Stage Door Canteen, which opened last week.



WEDDING AT ST. MARK'S. Bridegroom, Mr. John de la Valette; bride's mother, Mrs. J. B. Watson; bride, former Mrs. Harleyn Cook; her sister, Mrs. McNeill Simpson; and in background, Miss Thessily Stodart, of Boural. Bridegroom is Director of Economic Warfare attached to staff of British High Commissioner.



CELEBRATION DINNER. Patricia Parsons and Dr. John Cahill celebrate first week of their engagement. Pat and John, who recently received discharge from R.A.A.F., hope to marry before end of year.



PACKING PARCELS. Members of Belhaven Babies' Home Younger Set, Mrs. S. Glossop (left), Mrs. J. Witton, and Miss Paula Dawson, pack parcels for garden fete which will be held this Saturday at Home at Bellevue Hill.

LIEUT. HUGH PATERSON, son of Australia's poet, "Banjo" Paterson, meets Rhona White, of Edgecliff, at wedding at Camden of Captain Malcolm Vincent and Jessie McDonald. Hugh and Rhona announce engagement, and are married two days later at Presbyterian Church, Double Bay. Other guests at Vincent wedding are Captain Murray Fairbairn, Lorna Shannon, who marry at St. Philip's Church Hill, day following Vincent wedding.

FIRST letters received from America by Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams from daughter, Mrs. George Welch. Jan writes she and her husband, Major George Welch, U.S. Air Corps, continue honeymoon trip and visit New York before making home with George's parents in Wilmington, Delaware. When George's leave expires, Jan will remain with his parents until after war, when couple hope to build own home in same city.

SERVICE in Palestine and in a hospital ship has formed part of war career of Lieutenant-Colonel E. Lydia Shaw, A.A.N.S. Principal Matron, Victorian Lines of Communications Area, who is engaged to Lieutenant Bryson A. Holden, A.D.C.S. Colonel Shaw is eldest daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. G. R. W. Shaw, formerly of Melbourne, and Lieut. Holden is only son of late Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holden.

Heard Around TOWN

VACATION at Collaroy for Mrs. Jack Cramer Roberts and small son, Antony. Joan's husband, Squadron-Leader Cramer Roberts, R.A.A.F., just transferred to Air Force station near Sydney, joins Joan and Antony whenever he gets leave. When she returns to Sydney, Joan will stay with her father, Dr. George Waddell, of Elizabeth Bay.

RETURNED from honeymoon in Melbourne, Lieutenant Miles Morphett, A.I.F., and his bride, former Private Patricia Cogh, A.A.M.W.S.

Pat granted six extra days' leave so that her furlough corresponds with bridegroom's. Both bride and bridegroom now back at their respective battle stations.

HAZEL PAYNTER celebrates twenty-first birthday at afternoon party given by parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Paynter, of Turramurra, at Romano's. Hazel, who is a member of Turramurra V.A.D., works at Lady Gowrie Convalescent Home.

JUST received her commission, Lieut. Joyce Copland, A.W.A.S., returns from officers' training school, Melbourne, to Sydney camp. Joyce spends few days' leave at Palm Beach. Delighted to see father, Professor D. B. Copland, Prices Commission, who comes to Sydney for few days.

Joyce

Try these half-dozen smart notions . . .

IN AUTUMN MOOD



● Here is a bright way to renovate a hat and match it cunningly to your new suit. Select the best parts of the felt to make a tiny folded crown and small brim; add a deep cuff of your suit material to the brim, tie matching cords around the crown, and the result is a dashing winter hat.



● Softly draped fine wool frock with definite side accent—one-sided button closing and one-sided hip-drape (under which the placket is cleverly hidden).



● This trim lumber jacket suit looks like a dress, but is a grand idea for coupon-savers, as top and skirt can be worn separately. Also features a matching, three-quarter-length boxy jacket. (Right.)



● A fetching, draped bonnet-cum-turban done in soft green wool, worn 'way back on the head, and featuring a one-sided scarf of the same material caught with one of your favorite clips to the opposite shoulder.



● The inevitable snood again—this time a hand-crocheted mesh of finest wool scattered with red wool spots. Over the head, a wide band made of rows of rolled felt, which ties under the hair and fastens the snood neatly.



● Dramatic felt turban made out of a yard of felt. All the draping is concentrated at the back in clever folds which are caught down with a gold buckle.

QUALITY

HAS NOT BEEN
RATIONED!



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR



IF CHILDREN MUST STUDY in the living-room, two things are essential to success: Quiet and good lighting. The glare of a radio is distracting, likewise the conversation of adults. Bad lighting is fatiguing as well as a menace to the eyes.



"EARLY TO BED and early to rise . . ." is a good motto, and should apply to all young people up to 17 years of age. There should be no sleep-starved children.

Give our students a chance

• Medico says: Young people have all their lives to study, but only a short time in which to grow.

I PAID a long-promised visit to the Mertons last night. When supper was served—round about eleven—I suddenly noticed that young Bill was missing from the family circle.

"Where's Bill?" I asked.
"Oh, he's studying," said Mrs. Merton. "The 'Leaving,' you know, for Bill this year. He works about six hours every night," and looking whimsically at Mr. Merton, she added, "Father expects at least seven A's, plus Honors, from Bill."

Poor Bill . . . I recalled the case of Merle Smith, who sat for the Leaving examination last year—and failed.

A month or so before the exam, Mrs. Smith had called and asked me to give her schoolgirl daughter a tonic.

"She's very irritable," she explained. "Of course, she's studying too hard, but if she doesn't pass her father will be terribly disappointed."

I couldn't see how a tonic was going to help an overworked brain. However, I told Mrs. Smith to send her daughter round to see me.

I hardly recognised the child. Her face had lost its plumpness, her eyes were bloodshot, and she was a bundle of nerves.

And no wonder! She studied till 12 o'clock at night, then got up at 5 o'clock and did several hours' more work. She didn't have time for any

breakfast, and as for the other meals—she wasn't hungry. Her eyes bothered her quite a bit—"they ached at the back . . ."

There are too many young people doing this sort of thing. Unfortunately they are encouraged by their teachers, and, in many cases, their parents. The reason appears to be that the higher the pass the better the job afterwards. But ruined health is too big a price to pay for any examination result.

If they are to develop in normal health they need two things—nourishing food and long hours of restful sleep.

When they study till all hours their brains become so active that a good night's sleep is impossible.

This goes on night after night. As the exams draw closer so nerves become more frayed. Appetites are jaded and eyes are strained.

The result is nervous exhaustion, and this is not easily cured by a tonic or even a holiday.

If children must study, two hours a night with the aid of a good light should be sufficient. I have found that "early to bed and early to rise . . ." is a good motto. Two hours' work early in the morning is worth more than four at night. The mind is refreshed after a good night's sleep, and the eyes are not strained by artificial light.

Besides eye strain, continually sitting over a book leads to bad posture.

Children lose weight when they are under any mental strain and their resistance to infection is lowered. Give them good food.

"I'M COMING BACK!"



MORTEIN WILL
AGAIN BE ON SALE
WITHIN THE NEXT
FEW WEEKS.

For the past 12 months MORTEIN has been supplied exclusively to the fighting forces.

Because it is recognised as pre-eminent in the destruction of mosquitoes, flies and all insect pests, MORTEIN is a first priority among military supplies. Efficient production methods, and increased availability of materials have now made possible a surplus of Mortein. This is being released for civilian use.

Naturally, hospitals, food manufacturers and people living in unensured country areas must have first preference—but your chemist or storekeeper will endeavour to meet your essential requirements as early as possible.

WATCH FOR

MORTEIN

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE



'NUGGET'

MILITARY TAN
makes the shine
AND THE
BOOTS
last longer

Because the shine lasts longer, you look smarter. Because the boots last longer, you're more comfortable. Do yourself good—get "Nugget"—the Military Tan with the real, rich mahogany glow.



Your baby should have pearly teeth

By SISTER MARY JACOB

MOTHERS, I'm sure you all want your babes to have the perfect teeth that make for a dazzling smile and which also contribute to perfect health throughout life!

There are, therefore, certain facts you should know about your babes' teeth, and especially about the first or so-called "milk" teeth.

1. Don't underestimate the importance of these because you think they are only a "temporary" set, and therefore not worth a lot of trouble and attention! Thought has to be given to them long before they appear!

2. Don't be confused with the term "milk" teeth, but try to realize that they are really built direct from your blood, and they begin to form when you have only been an expectant mother for a few weeks; and that at the same time, the cells which are to form the second or permanent set of teeth are grouping even then in the babe's developing jaws.

3. Remember a pure bloodstream, a diet rich in minerals and vitamins needed for good bone formation, and all the essentials of healthy living—fresh air, sunshine, proper rest, exercise, etc.—all decide the future of your baby's teeth—both the first and the second set—but especially the fate of the "milk" teeth!

4. You should clearly realise that mistakes made in this important pre-natal period can never be fully rectified by future care and attention.

5. Give baby's first twenty little teeth just the same attention as regards correct diet, hard foods for good mastication, dental hygiene, regular visits to the dentist, as you will later give to the second or permanent teeth.

6. Early decay or premature loss of either milk teeth or the permanent set means loss of masticatory power and poor development of jaws. This often gives rise to deformities of the lower part of the face, spoiling its beauty of contour.

A leaflet describing teeth and teething has been prepared by our Mothercraft Bureau and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

INDIGESTION CAUSED BY
EXCESS ACIDS

That's the usual cause of simple indigestion—excess acids in the digestive tract. The stomach becomes inflamed, you get stabbing, shooting pains which double you in two. Neutralise those excess acids with quick-acting Bisurated Magnesia. It stops fermentation, soothes the inflamed stomach lining, frees you from pain. BISURATED MAGNESIA (trade mark "Bismag"). At all chemists and stores.

A BRAND WORTH REMEMBERING!

THE FAMOUS BRITISH GUARANTEED

Sundek Fabric



SMARTER FOR SPORTSWEAR, STREETWEAR AND UNIFORMS

To KNIT . . . tailored cardigan and beret to match

● Smart to the eye, cosy to wear; beret can be worn at any angle.

HERE are easy-to-follow directions.

Materials: Patons super fingering 3-ply; 8oz. dark for cardigan; 3oz. dark for beret. About 1oz. each of two contrasting colors; 1 pair No. 9 and 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles, No. 14 crochet hook; 7 buttons, 1 yds. of ribbon 1 inch wide.

Tension: Cardigan: Over rib, unstretched, about 9 sts. to 1 inch in width; 10 rows to 1 inch in depth. Beret: About 17 d.c. to 2 inches in width; 10 rows to 1 inch in depth.

Measurements: Cardigan: To fit a 33 to 35-inch bust; shoulder to lower edge, 20½ inches; sleeve seam, 18 inches. Beret: Unstretched, about 20 inches round head.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; sts, stitches; tog., together; inc., increase (by working into front and then into back of same st. before slipping it off left-hand needle); dec., decrease (by taking 2 sts. tog.); rep., repeat; rem., remain; beg., beginning; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; s.s., slip-stitch; d, dark; patt., pattern. The sts in brackets should be worked the number of times quoted after second bracket, until stated number of sts. remain, or until end of row.

THE CARDIGAN

This is worked throughout in single rib of k 1, p 1.

BACK

With d and No. 10 needles, begin at lower edge, casting on 100 sts. Work in single rib for 4 inches. Change to No. 9 needles. Now inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row, and every 6th row after, till there are 130 sts. Now work straight till back measures 13½ inches. Shape armholes. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 3 sts. at beg. of following 4 rows (110 sts.). Work without shaping till back measures 19½ inches. Shape shoulders. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off rem. 30 sts.

FRONTS (Both alike)

With d and No. 10 needles, cast on 50 sts. Work in single rib for 4 inches. Change to No. 9 needles. Now shape side by inc. 1 st. at beginning of next row, and every 6th row after, till there are 65 sts., then work without inc. till front measures 13½ inches, ending at side (shaped) edge.

Shape armhole. Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next row, then 3 sts.



CHECK CONTRASTS in wool lend sparkle to this ensemble.

at beginning of following 2 rows that start from armhole edge (55 sts.). Continue without shaping till work measures 18 inches, ending at front edge.

Shape neck.

1st Row: Cast off 5, rib to end.
2nd and each alternate row: Rib.
3rd Row: Cast off 4, rib to end.
5th Row: Cast off 3, rib to end.
7th Row: As 5th row (40 sts.).

Work without shaping till front measures 20 inches, ending at armhole edge. Shape shoulder. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 5 rows that start at armhole edge.

SLEEVES (Both alike)

With d and No. 10 needles, cast on 60 sts. Work in single rib for 2 inches. Change to No. 9 needles. Now inc. 1 st. at beginning and end of next row, and every 6th row

after, till there are 100 sts. and sleeve measures 18 inches. Shape top. Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then 3 sts. at beginning of following 4 rows. Now decrease 1 st. at beginning and end of next row (78 sts.). Continue straight till sleeve top is 4½ inches deep, then cast off 26 sts. at beginning of next two rows. Work straight on remaining 26 sts. for 2 inches. Cast off.

NECK RIBBING

Join shoulders. Hold right side of work facing, then with d and No. 9 needles, pick up and k 26 sts. round front of neck to shoulder, 20 sts. across back of neck, 26 sts. round neck of second front (72 sts.). Work in rib for 7 rows. Cast off in rib.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER

For pattern A work thus: P 1, k into next st. through row below and slip off needle.

1st Row: Hold right side of work facing, then with No. 9 needles and 1st contrast, begin at lower edge, pick up and k 106 sts. along front edge.

2nd Row: With 1st contrast, k.
3rd Row: With 2nd contrast, pattern A to end.

4th Row: With 2nd contrast, k.
5th Row: With 1st contrast, k into 1st st. through row below and slip off needle, pattern A 8 times (cast off 2, pattern A 6 times) 6 times, cast off 2, then patt. A once, p 1.

6th Row: With 1st contrast, k, but cast on 2 sts. over those cast off.
7th Row: As 3rd row, but when knitting into cast-on sts., k in usual way. Repeat 4th row. Break off 2nd contrast.

9th Row: With 1st contrast, k into 1st st. through row below and slip off needle, then pattern A till 1 remains, p 1. Repeat 2nd row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT BORDER

1st Row: Hold right side of work facing, then with No. 9 needles and 1st contrast, begin at neck edge and pick up and k 106 sts. * Repeat 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rows of right front border.

5th Row: As 9th row of right front border. ** Repeat from * to ** once more. Break off 2nd contrast.

Next Row: K. Cast off.

POCKETS (Two alike)

With No. 9 needles and 1st contrast, cast on 22 sts. Repeat from * to ** in left front border, 12 times. Break off 2nd contrast.

Next Row: K. Cast off.

Press all pieces lightly under a damp cloth and using a hot iron. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew sides off extended piece at top of sleeves to cast off sts. each side. Sew in sleeves. Sew on pockets. Face borders with ribbon. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

THE BERET

Top of Crown: With d and No. 14 hook, make 2 ch.

1st Round: Miss 1 ch., 8 d.c. in next ch. Place a strand of colored wool between 1st and last d.c. of round, then take it up through following rounds so as to mark beginning and end of each round.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c.

3rd Round: (1 d.c., then 2 d.c. in next d.c. to inc.) 8 times.

4th Round: (2 d.c., inc.) 8 times. Continue thus, inc. at equal distances apart, 8 sts. in each round, and working a plain round here and there in between to keep the work flat, until there are 248 sts. and crown measures 10 inches across. Fasten off.

Under Brim: With d, begin at lower edge with 170 ch. and join into a round.

1st Round: 170 d.c. Mark beginning and end of each round as in top of crown.

Next 9 rounds: 1 d.c. in each d.c.
11th Round: (7 d.c., inc. 8 d.c., inc.) 10 times. Now inc. at equal distances apart, 10 sts. in every 3rd round, until there are 240 sts. in the round.

Next 2 rounds: 1 d.c. in each d.c.

Next Round: (29 d.c., inc.) 8 times.

Next Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c., then work 2 s.s. to level up round, fasten off.

Trimming Band: With No. 9 needles and 1st contrast, cast on 124 sts. Repeat from * to ** in left front border of cardigan, 3 times. Cast off.

Press all pieces on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew crown and under brim together. Allow sufficient trimming to go round lower edge of beret and arrange remainder in a flat bow. Wind 2nd contrast round centre of bow about 18 times. Sew trimming in position. Top of the crown can be lined with tailor's canvas and a roll of wadding placed inside the beret, catching it lightly to the join.

BLONDES!

Do this at home!



Learn this amazing secret

Start to-day to wash your hair with Sta-blond. You will be amazed at the difference. And you will learn this amazing secret—that only Sta-blond can bring back that lovely lighter colour to faded fair hair. It succeeds where ordinary shampoo fail—simply because it is made specially for blondes.

Give back to your hair its lost golden beauty. Recapture that lost sparkle and charm—and keep it—for Sta-blond prevents fair hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous always.

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN STAINLESS

Shake off that Tired Feeling

Imagine—in one minute you can shake off that tired, depressed, worn-out feeling, caused perhaps by war strain, overwork, and business or personal worries.

Yes, WINCARNIS has this wonderful effect. WINCARNIS is a nourishing blend of choice, rich wine and two fortifying vitamins. The wonderful effectiveness of WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting Tonic," is supported by over 26,000 recommendations from medical men. It builds up your system, by bringing new strength to your brain and nerves from the very first glass. You feel fitter, brighter, more alert. Your normal snap and vim return. Care and worries go. Life seems sweeter—worth enjoying once again. Give yourself a chance to win through to new health and confidence. Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS to-day.

ANNOUNCEMENT

These days Peek Frean Club Cracker biscuits are available only in limited quantities and from time to time, because necessary ingredients are being diverted to war needs. Whenever a rift in the clouds of war makes it possible, Peek Frean will increase the supply of the rich, flaky Club Cracker biscuits that are your all-time favorites.

There is no substitute for Club Cracker.

"FOOD . . . FOOD . . ."



WHO'S EATING OUR FOOD . . . ?

The people of Britain are eating our food, although we are sending no more than enough to keep them on their border-line rations.

Our armed forces and those of our Allies are also eating our food. Well, the more fighting men we are able to feed, the sooner we'll win this war.

Lastly, we are eating a lot of food ourselves—more perhaps than any other fighting nation.

All this adds up to a lot of food—much more than we produced in pre-war years. It is more than we can possibly supply UNLESS we produce a lot more and conserve our own available supplies of food.

FOOD is a Highway to Victory!

Issued by Commonwealth Food Control.

F16.27

Peek Frean's

HELP THE RED CROSS HELP OUR BOYS! SEND YOUR DONATION TODAY!



Between work and play comes a refreshing bath with Palmolive soap. And, presto! The hard-working lass in overalls changes to an eye-catching charmer her man is proud to escort. It isn't really magic, of course! Just the well-known fact that the olive and palm oils contained in Palmolive soap make it very good indeed for the skin. Prove it for yourself and see how wonderfully clean Palmolive makes your skin, how it removes every trace of workaday grime and leaves it soft and smooth to the touch. When you adopt this simple beauty treatment, you'll readily admit that Palmolive is very good value for money.



1/754

Palmolive Soap for that Schoolgirl Complexion

A White Cleaner PLUS!



KROMO WHITE

Nourishes WHITE LEATHER

Specially produced by Australia's largest white leather manufacturers to solve ALL your white shoe cleaning problems. KROMO WHITE preserves as it cleans! Remember, too, it WON'T RUB OFF!

AT ALL STORES

J. KENNON & SONS LTD.
MELBOURNE • SYDNEY • BRISBANE

THANK YOU DOCTOR



Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold.

For nursing mothers Ford Pills are just right, because they don't cause griping, they don't flavour mother's milk or upset baby and they are a gentle and effective laxative. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit that keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day. Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

2/6

FORD PILLS

HAPPY CHILDHOOD



He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Waltham Rd., London, Eng.

Let her knit this for herself...

● Yes, clever little girls of eight or nine could make this easy-to-knit jumper in stocking-stitch except, perhaps, for that part where decorative ships sail into the scheme of things.

THIS lovely garment, with its sea-dog collar and ships-a-sail on a deep blue sea was designed for the five to nine-year-olds.

Of course, the younger fry could not make it, but older girls with some experience in the art of knitting could. Just show them the way.

Here are the instructions. Note size of needles to be used for the 5 to 6, 6 to 7, and 8 to 9-year-olds.

Materials required: 4 skeins "Sunglo" shrinkproof or "Sunbeam" super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2103 (blue); 1 skein shade No. 1075 (white); 1 skein shade No. 2101 (royal); 1 skein shade No. 2138 (red); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 14in.; chest, 26in.; length of sleeve seam, 3in. Note: For 28in. chest use No. 9 instead of No. 10 needles and 4-ply wool. For 24in. chest use No. 11 instead of No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; bl., blue; w., white; r., red; r-b., royal-blue.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

THE BACK

Using No. 12 needles and bl. wool cast on 92 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 24in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. until work measures 7in. Work pattern as follows:—

1st Row: * K 1 r-b, 1 bl., 3 r-b, 1 bl., repeat from * to last 2 sts., k 1 r-b, 1 bl.

2nd Row: P 1 r-b, 1 bl., * p 5 r-b, 1 bl., repeat from * to end.

3rd Row: K 2 r-b, * 3 bl., 3 r-b, repeat from * to end.

4th Row: P 6 bl., * 11 r., 12 bl., repeat from * to last 17 sts., p 11 r., 6 bl.

5th Row: K 5 bl., * 13 w., 10 bl., repeat from * to last 18 sts., k 13 w., 5 bl.

6th Row: P 5 bl., * 6 w., 17 bl., repeat from * to last 18 sts., p 6 w., 12 bl.

7th Row: K 14 bl., * 1 r., 2 bl., 4 r., 16 bl., repeat from * to last 9 sts., k 1 r., 2 bl., 4 r., 2 bl.

8th Row: P 3 bl., * 1 w., 4 bl., 12 r., 6 bl., repeat from * to last 20 sts., p 1 w., 4 bl., 12 r., 3 bl.

9th Row: K 4 bl., * 10 w., 1 r., 4 w., 8 bl., repeat from * to last 19 sts., k 10 w., 1 r., 4 w., 4 bl.

10th Row: P 4 bl., * 4 w., 1 r., 9 w., 9 bl., repeat from * to last 19 sts., p 4 w., 1 r., 9 w., 5 bl.

11th Row: K 6 bl., * 8 w., 1 r., 3 w., 11 bl., repeat from * to last 17 sts., k 8 w., 1 r., 3 w., 5 bl.

12th Row: P 5 bl., * 3 w., 1 r., 7 w., 6 bl., 1 w., 5 bl., repeat from * to last 18 sts., p 3 w., 1 r., 7 w., 6 bl., 1 w.

13th Row: K 1 bl., * 2 w., 5 bl., 6 w., 1 r., 2 w., 4 bl., 2 w., 1 bl., repeat from * to last 22 sts., k 2 w., 5 bl., 6 w., 1 r., 2 w., 4 bl., 2 w.

14th Row: P 6 bl., * 2 w., 1 r., 6 w., 14 bl., repeat from * to last 17 sts., p 2 w., 1 r., 6 w., 8 bl.

15th Row: K 9 bl., * 5 w., 1 r., 1 w., 16 bl., repeat from * to last 14 sts., k 5 w., 1 r., 1 w., 7 bl.

16th Row: P 7 bl., * 1 w., 1 r., 5 w., 4 bl., 1 w., 11 bl., repeat from * to last 16 sts., p 1 w., 1 r., 5 w., 4 bl., 1 w., 4 bl.

17th Row: K 2 bl., * 2 w., 1 bl., 2 w., 3 bl., 4 w., 1 r., 1 w., 2 bl., 1 w., 6 bl., repeat from * to last 21 sts., k 2 w., 1 bl., 2 w., 3 bl., 4 w., 1 r., 1 w., 2 bl., 1 w., 4 bl.

18th Row: P 4 bl., * 1 w., 3 bl., 1 r., 5 w., 13 bl., repeat from * to last 19 sts., p 1 w., 3 bl., 1 r., 5 w., 9 bl.

19th Row: K 11 bl., * 2 w., 1 bl., 1 r., 4 bl., 1 w., 14 bl., repeat from * to last 12 sts., k 2 w., 1 bl., 1 r., 4 bl., 1 w., 3 bl.

20th Row: P 1 bl., * 2 w., 7 bl., 1 w., 13 bl., repeat from * to last 22 sts., p 2 w., 7 bl., 1 w., 12 bl.

Continue with bl. wool only and shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 2in. work as follows:—



THE ORIGINAL GARMENT pictured above on a bonny young Australian was knitted in a pretty blue with seagulls in white; red and white ships sailing on a deep blue sea. Directions are given for both long and short sleeves.

Next Row: K 34 (leave remaining 38 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts., k into back of cast-on sts., p to end.

Continue in st-st., keeping the 4 cast-on sts. in garter-st., and when armhole measures 5in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Cast off remaining sts. Join wool at centre back, k to end of row.

Continue in st-st., making buttonholes as follows, 1st one being 1in. above opening and 2 more 1in. apart:—

Buttonholes: K 2, w.r.n. twice, k 2 tog., k to end. Shape shoulder to correspond with other side.

THE FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Continue in st-st. and when armholes measure 3½in. shape neck as follows:

Next Row: K 30 (leave on spare needle), cast off 12 sts., k 30.

Continue on last 30 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts.

When armhole measures 5in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and bl. wool cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 1in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 8, * p twice into next st., repeat from * to last 8 sts., p 8 (84 sts.). Work in st-st. for 2in., then k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 40 sts. K 2 tog. all along the next row. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES (if required)

Using No. 12 needles and bl. wool cast on 48 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 66 sts. When sleeve seam measures 12½in. k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 12 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With wrong side of work toward you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 112 sts. round neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, gather sleeves round top of armholes. Sew buttons on back opening.

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT
Cleared Terrible
RASH
From
FACE
and
NECK

"I must write and let you know of the marvellous cure Germolene has made of my face. My face and neck were covered with a terrible rash for four weeks, keeping me from my work. I decided to try Germolene and in two weeks the rash disappeared and I was back at work. Thanks a million!" E. G. S.

Why be disfigured by an unsightly rash? Why be tormented by fierce irritation and pain? Why be worried by an ulcer or open wound? Let Germolene heal your skin clean. Feel it soothe at a touch! See it banish blemishes! Experience how it ends burning, itching, throbbing and pain!

In glass jars (wartime pack), 1/6, one size only.

Germolene Quickly Heals
ECZEMA, BURNS,
SUNBURN, INSECT BITES, CUTS,
ABSCESSSES, HEAT RASH, WOUNDS, etc.

ASTHMA

Curbed Quickly

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigor so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco
Believes Asthma... Now 6/- and 12/-



... THERE I WAS, FELLAS, PINCHING HIM GENTLY IN THE EAR WHEN—ZOWIE!

"That big crybaby of a Cyril lets go with a terrific howl!"

"Of course Cyril's mama comes running. But instead of smacking him (or me)—she cools us both off with sweet, sooth-y Johnson's Baby Powder! Yessir, a rubdown apiece with that delicious, downy powder!"

"From now on, fellas, I'm using Cyril's system. Those crybabies get results!"

Next to his mother, a baby's best friend is silky-smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! It's such a soother for prickly heat and chafes—inexpensive, too!

J.P.B.



JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Olaf called it his "Oslo Lunsj" ★

★ Oslo Lunch



Norwegian, English and Australian children gained weight on the OSLO LUNCH

In 1932, Professor Schiøtz, of Oslo, Norway, designed a special health meal of wholemeal bread, cheese, butter, milk and fruit for under-nourished children. This meal did so well that it was served in schools. It was the "Oslo Lunsj"—or Oslo Lunch.

Then, English nutrition experts heard about it. School children in London who were given the meal regularly gained 40 to 100 per cent more in

weight and height than children on ordinary lunches.

Then came Australia's turn. Further Oslo Lunch experiments were carried out at the Opportunity Clubs in Melbourne and the Camperdown Children's Playground, Sydney. The results were astounding. After 3 months, Oslo Lunch children gained an average of over 7 lbs. in weight . . . more than twice as much as those on ordinary lunches.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., as a contribution towards the building of a healthy nation and in appreciation of the work of the Opportunity Clubs in introducing the Oslo Lunch to Australia.



This is the OSLO LUNCH

Three slices of buttered wholemeal bread; 1 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese; half-a-pint of milk; an orange, apple, or a serving of salad ingredients such as lettuce, tomato, celery, shredded raw carrot, or cabbage.



APPLE RECIPES

APPETISING ACCENTS

Fish and apple salad . . . equal quantities of flaked, cooked fish and diced apple, topped with a parsley mayonnaise.

*for in and out
of season . . .*

• The nutty sweetness of apples gives them not only popularity as breakfast or dessert fruit, but an unrivalled place as a cooking fruit. Below are two methods of preserving for out-of-season use, and a number of suggestions for the use of the apple during the autumn and winter seasons.

SOMETHING
COLD . . .

an icy mould of apple puree set in lemon jelly, fragrant with garden-fresh mint and served with gingernuts . . . Hot black coffee and cheese snippets to follow.

APPLE RINGS

(For out-of-season use)

Choose good quality, sound apples, preferably of the cooking variety. Peel, core, and cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. slices. Immerse at once in a weak brine solution (1 tablespoon salt to 1 gallon water) to prevent discoloration. If sulphur candles are available, burn filling jars or a large crock with the heavy fumes, and place the freshly sliced apples in the fumes for a few minutes. This is a simple process. If not available, add 1 dessertspoon bicarb. soda to the brine solution, leaving the apples in the soda solution for a minute or two only. If oven-drying, spread the apple slices on muslin-covered wire racks and dry in a very slow oven, door slightly open, until all moisture has been removed, the apples being white and tough. If sun-drying, thread the apples on a cord and hang to dry, bringing in for storage when white and tough. Store when quite cold in lidded containers in cool, dry place.

BRAISED HEARTS

(With fried apple)

Allow one lamb's heart to each person, and about 3 apple slices. Trim the hearts, cutting away surplus fat. Wash well, brown in hot fat, and braise in a small quantity of thin oyster gravy in a heavy-lidded pan for about 2 1/2 hours. Sliced onion and a small bouquet of herbs may be added. Remove hearts from the pan, coat thickly with soft white breadcrumbs, and brown quickly in fuming fat. Cut the apple rings in thin slices, peeled and cored, coat with egg or milk, and then with crumbs, and fry for 2 or 3 minutes, turning to brown. Serve the hot apple with the braised hearts, serving also the strained sauce, potatoes, and tomatoes, or a green vegetable or crisp, green, side salad.

**SOMETHING
HOT . . .**
braised hearts
with tomatoes,
lemon slices, and
fried apple slices . . .
serve with crisp green side
salad.

JELLIED APPLE MOULD

(With gingernuts)

Make 2 cups of lemon jelly, using jelly crystals. Set a pattern of cherries or mint sprigs in the bottom of a mould with a little of the jelly. Cool the jelly and fold in 2 cups or more of stewed apple puree. Pour this into the mould, not quite filling, and set. Round the edge of the mould arrange whole or halved gingersnaps, and fill the mould with the remainder of the apple and lemon jelly. Turn out when set, and serve with gingersnaps.

Continued on page 28

By . . .
OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly.

BUY apples barely ripened and as orchard-fresh as possible. Store them in wrapping paper in a cool, dry place and mature them slowly. Australia has apple varieties equal to those of any place in the world . . . juicy Cleopatras, the ideal breakfast apple; Pippins, with their distinctive aromatic flavor; mellow Jona-

thans; the sweet Delicious;
and the lovely pale green
Granny Smiths.

HAVE YOU TRIED?

Apples, peeled, cored, and stuffed with ginger nut crumbs, baked and served with hot marmalade.

Stewed apple slices served on honey-spread french toast . . . as a dinner sweet.

Apple-burgers . . . baked apple halves topped with fried mincemeat cakes and served with a sauce of tomato and onion.

Apple-pie wedges, topped with
toasted cheese slices . . . served
piping hot.

Mulled apple juice . . . apple juice spiced with clove or bay leaf, heated with mint sprigs and served hot.

Pancakes, spread with apple puree, dusted with cinnamon and sugar, rolled, crisped in the oven, and served very hot.

The old-fashioned apple pudding . . . basin lined with suet crust, filled with sugared apples, covered with suet crust, tied in cloth and boiled 2 hours.

Savory apple dumplings . . .
Stuff apples with cooked minced
meat, season pastry with pinch of
powdered sage. Serve with curry
sauce.

Apple pandowny . . . a light scone dough baked on a juicy layer of apple slices. Serve hot straight from the oven.

Apple fritters, golden-brown and crisp, served with curried casserole of veal.

Little pastry cases filled with apple jelly and topped with garden-fresh chopped mint.





Get relief now from Indigestion

and after-eating pains

You can rely on HARDY'S to give quick, certain relief from agonising indigestion and stomach pains. HARDY'S is proven throughout Australia as the sure, safe treatment for digestive and stomach disorders.

HARDY'S

INDIGESTION
and Ulcerated Stomach
POWDER

SOLD BY CHEMISTS
AND STORES EVERYWHERE
PRICE 2/9 A JAR

Also in the new wartime pack at the same price.

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 25d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to:
DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE,
271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. F0822.



Solid foods forbidden?

Horlicks is easy to digest

Even in many cases where other foods are rejected by the stomach, Horlicks can be readily assimilated because it is so easy to digest. And the delicious flavour of Horlicks will tempt the patient when other foods lie untouched on the tray.

Horlicks is a complete food drink. The patient feels its beneficial effects almost at once, since the natural sugars in Horlicks are in a form that is quickly absorbed by the system. It is because of this easy digestibility that Horlicks has such a marked revivifying effect.



HORLICKS

Horlicks is of great assistance in helping to build up bodily strength. It contains a valuable proportion of readily-assimilable protein, as well as a percentage of mixed carbohydrates. As a food for invalids and convalescents, Horlicks cannot be bettered. The preparation of Horlicks is simplicity itself. Simply mix it with water only, hot or cold. Its natural sugars make Horlicks sweet enough for most tastes.

Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins. Price 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



HOT PIE FOR DINNER — good beef dripping makes the lightest shortcrust. Fillings are as varied as the weather. Try creamed rabbit and tomato, curried potato and minced meat, apples in a lemon sauce, pink, juicy quinces with a hint of clove.

Good Recipes Are Worth Money

● Every week homemakers win cash prizes in our cookery contest for sound recipes that will be helpful to other readers.

TRY the prize pancakes for breakfast or dinner, the apple and cheese snack for luncheon or supper.

All other recipes listed are worth filing for present and future use.

HONEY-BREAD PANCAKES

One and a half cups stale bread-crumbs (wholemeal), 1 cup wholemeal flour, 2 egg-yolks, 1½ cups scalded milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter (or substitute), 1 dessertspoon honey, 1½ teaspoons baking powder.

Pour milk over bread-crumbs, add butter, and soak for 15 minutes. Add beaten egg-yolks, honey, and a pinch

of salt and baking powder. Mix and drop by spoonfuls on a hot greased pan. Cook until puffed full of bubbles. Turn and cook other side. Serve with honey.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

APPLE AND CHEESE SNACK

Peel and core large cooking apple, cut into 4 rounds, and fry in fat until soft. Butter 4 pieces of hot toast, put a round of apple on each, lay a piece of cheese on each apple-round, and place under grill till cheese melts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. H. McLean, 37 Kerford St., Coburg N. 13, Vic.

AMERICAN CORNED BEEF HASH

Eight ounces cooked corned beef (chopped), 1 small leek or tiny onion (chopped), 1½ potatoes, 1 cup warm milk, 1 tablespoon fat, pepper, salt, and parsley.

Steam potatoes in their jackets. They must be slightly underdone. Skin and dice them into a bowl. Add chopped beef and warmed milk. Season with pepper and salt to taste. Melt the dripping and fry onion to a pale gold. Add the meat mixture and press into a flat shape. Cook in hot oven until nicely browned. Leave for a minute at the side of fire, then turn out, sprinkle over freshly chopped parsley, and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. S. Hall, Pacific Highway, Wahroonga.

APPLE RECIPES

Continued from page 27

APPLE JELLY

Early-season apples of the crisp, juicy variety are best. Wash, slice, not removing skin or core, barely cover with water, and simmer about 20 minutes. Turn into a jelly-bag or tea-cloth and allow the juice to drain out slowly, shifting the pulp occasionally to keep the juice flowing. If the pulp is squeezed the jelly will not be clear. Do not waste the pulp, but use for pies or puddings, or if good jelly apple a second covering with water will make further jelly. Add 1 cup of sugar to every cup of juice and cook rapidly until the jelly test is obtained. A thermometer, if used, will register 221 deg. F. when the jelly is sufficiently cooked. If a thermometer is not available, use the sheet test shortly after the jelly boils, spooning jelly about 12 inches above surface and pour back. At first it pours like water, then in two streams, and when the jelly is finishing it pours away from the spoon in a flat sheet. The bubbles also indicate the finishing time. When the jelly is nearly ready they break on reaching the surface. Pour the jelly into clean, dry glasses. Cover inside with paper, then a layer of melted wax, and then the lid or heavy paper cover. Store in cool, dry place.

Note: If the apple juice is very bland and seems to lack acid, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice to every cup of juice before adding sugar.



OVEN-TO-TABLEWARE saves time in service and washing up. Looks attractive, too. A fine way of serving those dinners that will wait for "overtime" workers.

SCOTTISH YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Eight ounces bread-crumbs, 3 oz. suet, 2 tablespoons oatmeal, 2 large onions, 3 oz. grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 gill milk, salt and pepper to taste.

Soak bread in milk until quite soft, then drain as dry as possible. Boil onions, and chop finely. Beat the bread with a fork. Add all the other ingredients.

Mix well with the egg (beaten) and milk. Make some dripping very hot in a baking tin, and pour in mixture. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven. Serve with good brown gravy and a green vegetable.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Korff, 14 Little King William St., Kent Town, S.A.

BAKED RHUBARB ROLY-POLY

Make a short crust with 1½ lb. flour, 1½ lb. dripping, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt and water to mix. Rub fat in lightly, mix to a rather stiff dough, roll out. Cut young rhubarb into small pieces, spread a layer on the pastry, sprinkle with sugar and boil like a roly-poly. Place in a baking dish and pour over 1 cup of golden syrup and 1 cup water (the two having been previously brought to the boil in a small saucepan). Bake in a good oven 1 hour, basting with the liquid. Serve with sauce several times.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Point Rd. Huntley's Point, N.S.W.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

EVER burnt food in a precious aluminium saucepan? Own up! I have. So has Mrs. Noel Young, of Lismore. And here's her remedy for rejuvenating saucepan: Pile in outside lettuce leaves, add water, bring to boil, allow to simmer a while. Repeat treatment if saucepan has been badly burnt.



A READER has sent me what she calls "a fine recipe for brightening silverware." See method at right.

MINT will retain its bright green color in sauce if dipped in vinegar before chopping. Another hint: Add the sugar to leaves before chopping.

IS this news to you? A friend of mine says that a lump of loaf sugar will keep cheese fresh longer. Of course, cheese dish must be covered.

IF you run out of silver polish, try this for brightening up silverware. Half fill large enamel saucepan or dish with water, place old aluminium saucepan lid in bottom, add 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon bi-carb. soda. Bring to boil, place in silver so that pieces touch one another. Remove silver after 5 minutes' immersion. Rinse in clean, hot water, dry, and polish with soft rag.



KILL FLIES and MOSQUITOES with

FLY-TOX



It Makes Your Mouth Water!

GOODFOOD FRUIT CHUTNEY should be served with cheese and tomato salads, as a spread on savouries, on cheese sandwiches at supper-time, with cold meats or grills, and the children will love it with their school lunches.

All leading stores and grocers stock this bottled fruit chutney, but remember that orders for the Fighting Forces must come first.

Prepared by Goodfood Products, Sydney, N.S.W.

GOODFOOD
FRUIT CHUTNEY

Fashion PATTERNS

F3294

F3294—Superlative suit for winter. Sizes, 12 to 36-inch bust. Requires 3 yds. 54in. wide, 3/4 yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1244—Trim outfit for boys 4 to 10 years of age. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. wide, for shirt; 3/4 yd. 36in. wide, for trousers. Pattern, 1/4.

F2364—New and lovelier nightgown. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3444—Well cut, decorative style. Note unusual neckline, form-fitting bodice, peplum, frill. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3444

F1244

F3329

F2364

F527

F3294. — Lovely frock for daytime or evening. Sizes, 12 to 36-inch bust. Requires 3 yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Dress for 6 to 10-year-olds

THIS pretty ready-to-make dress for winter comes in a lightweight woolen-like material in grey, sage-blue, deep rose, and deep lido-blue. Pattern is traced clearly on material for cutting and sewing.

Size 6 to 8 years, 22/6 and 2 coupons.

Size 8 to 10 years, 25/11 and 10 coupons. Plus 6/4d. postage.

Please ask for No. 454.

454

453

Coat frock and matching bloomers

In same material and same colors as for No. 454. Both come to you ready to cut and sew. Complete set for 2 to 4 years, 24/6 (7 cpsn.); 4 to 6 years, 27/6 (7 cpsn.); Plus 9/4d. postage.

Two to four years, frock only, 16/6 (4 cpsn.); bloomers, 8/8 (3 cpsn.). Four to six years, frock only, 18/6 (4 cpsn.); bloomers, 9/11 (3 cpsn.). Please ask for No. 453 and add 4/4d. postage for each item.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4210, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4093, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

STREET.....

SUBURB.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

SIZE..... Pattern Coupon, 25/3/44.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"REBECCA" — chic shirtmaker style in checked staple fibre.

The good quality material chosen for this useful and dainty little frock looks and wears like a lightweight woolen. The range of shades is small, but includes sage-blue with a fine inch-wide burgundy line check, wine with a fine yellow line check, and turquoise with a fine red-yellow check.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34-inch bust, 66/11 (13 cpsn.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 70/6 (13 cpsn.), and 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34-inch bust, 48/11 (13 cpsn.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 49/11 (13 cpsn.), and 1/9½ postage.

How to obtain "REBECCA" and "CAROLYN": Obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3488W, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page.

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"CAROLYN"—smart frock of unusual design

Note high, rounded neckline, bodice trimmed with twin bows in self material to give the effect of pockets, trim waistline, and slightly flared skirt, popular bracelet-length sleeves. N.B.: "CAROLYN" is available in the same material and same range of colors as "REBECCA" featured above.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34-inch bust, 45/6 (13 cpsn.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 52/11 (13 cpsn.). Plus 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34-inch bust, 45/4 (13 cpsn.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 47/8 (13 cpsn.). Plus 1/9½ postage.

When ordering, please give length, hip and bust measurements.



Special Concession Pattern

Available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE UNIFORM FROCKS FOR SCHOOLGIRLS 4 TO 10 YEARS.

No. 1.—Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36in. wide, and 1 1/2 yd. contrast.

No. 2.—Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36in. wide, and 1 1/2 yd. contrast.

No. 3.—Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36in. wide.

You're
smarter
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EXOTIQ EAU-DE-COLOGNE IS AT ALL
LEADING STORES AND CHEMISTS IN
VARIOUS SIZES FROM MIDGET TO
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* Due to war-time conditions, the bottle illustrated
is sometimes not available. However, EXOTIQ
quality is identical irrespective of bottle supplied.
EXOTIQ—NEW YORK · PARIS · AND SYDNEY.

Continuing... Alone Am I

from page 5

laughed. All it wanted to round off the picture nicely was someone like her.

"Can you cook?" he said. She looked at him, half surprised. "Any fool can cook."

"H'm," he said. "But we'll let it pass. I have a job for you — cook-housekeeper."

She was a nicely brought up girl, and he read in her candid eyes all the warnings she had had, about not talking to strange men in woods.

"It's not to me, I'm only the gardener, cat keeper, and dog tender there. It's to Miss Anne Chovey, in that little red house," he explained solemnly.

Her lips parted. Her whole face shone.

"You don't mean the Miss Anne Chovey, who writes poems in the Messenger?"

"I should think it's very likely. Is she famous?" asked Captain Wallace.

"Is she? Why, she's marvellous. You don't know. She makes you feel the silliest, dullest things are an adventure and that life is worth living—even at a time like this. She makes you feel life is fun. Do you mean to say you don't know the verses she writes?"

"Never heard of them," said Ian Wallace. "But I must say I've felt there was something in the air. And she does rhyme a good bit, but I thought it happened by mistake."

"Do you really think I have a chance of getting the job?"

Ian thought of the unwashed cockery that mounted up in the sick toward evening. He said he thought she had a good chance.

"Let's go right back," he said, dated to think how pleased Miss Chovey would be with his day's work.

"You'll like it here. Here we are all just one big happy family," said Ian, shaking the kitten from his trouser leg and clutching his tea-

cup. "The main thing is to keep the horse from coming in. For once he gets in he cannot turn and he will not back."

They looked at one another and laughed. It was queer how well they seemed to know one another already.

"What a gay house," she whispered, looking round the kitchen with its multi-colored china. "Is it all like this?"

"This isn't anything at all," said Ian. "Wait till you see the lounge!"

"Only this morning I was so utterly miserable. I thought I would never be happy any more. And look at me—"

"Just when hope seems at an end, heaven sends the helping friend!" It came out pat before he knew it was going to. "There, you see. I have caught it," he said.

"I thought you said you hadn't read anything of hers."

"I haven't. I've just absorbed it. It sort of sticks. Like glue."

Miss Chovey burst in, crying: "I have got a pie for supper—"

"And I," said Ian Wallace, as if it were nothing, "have got you a housekeeper!"

"You have?" cried Miss Chovey, dropping parcels. "Here, take that. No, the other one. That's a hat. Where is she? Let me see her. Did she answer the advertisement?"

"No," said Ian. "I found her in a wood."

"Those advertisements really seem no use whatever," said Miss Chovey impatiently.

Patty stood waiting shyly in the kitchen enveloped in an overall that was much too big for her, her hands behind her, exuding heroine worship.

"And do we still have meals together?" asked Ian Wallace. "Or, now that your staff is complete, do we split up?"

Miss Chovey said: "Oh, I don't think so. It will be so much more convenient for the pie, if we all dine together."

"You don't know what it means, working for you," said Patty breathlessly. "You don't know what you've done for me in the past. When I've just felt nothing was any good, and I'd come to the end, I've turned to Anne's Corner—and felt quite different."

Touched, Miss Chovey patted her cheek. After a long day in town she was always rather tired, and she felt oddly heartened. After all, one need not be a Milton to have a following, and in her own quiet way she had ploughed her acre.

She ran a comb through her hair, unsettling it to more natural disorder, and went to change into her sweater and slacks.

Presently Patty rushed breathlessly into the kitchen and caught Ian's arm.

"Tell Miss Chovey there's a gentleman got into the house somehow. I just saw him in the lounge."

"That's all right," said Ian, patting her hand. "That's quite all right. You'll have to get used to that sort of thing. Transformations are always taking place here. It's only Miss Chovey again, from another angle."

The hens were laying. The new potatoes were a-sprout. In Patty's capable hands the house ran like clockwork. It was wonderful, thought Ian, watching her fondly, for he never could quite get over the fact that he found her first, in a wood—it was wonderful how much that rather helpless-looking girl knew.

She settled down and fitted in as if she had been born to it. And, freed of domestic trammels, how Anne Chovey soared. Her little poems came tripping, two and three a day. Often she read them to Captain Wallace and Patty at the supper table.

"Never mind what people say, take your chance and go your way. Roses red and violets blue, all the world belongs to you."

Or: "Life is nothing but a song, tripping in a lilt along. Sometimes bits of it must be, sadly played in minor key; then the music brave and strong bursts and carries us along."

Ian Wallace listened to these guileless outpourings, watching Patty. He knew nothing at all about poetry himself, and it might be genius or it might be piffle. He couldn't say. All he knew was that it held a good sound idea.

And then he began to think: What does it matter if the Army

chucks me out. There are other things, other ways of helping. He said as much to Miss Chovey, who patted him warmly on the back, and said with courage and hope, and love like a lamp in the heart, there was nothing a man could not do. She held forth to them over the supper table, the two tall guttering candles reflected in her wide and strangely youthful eyes.

Patty never said anything very much. Patty just sat drinking in all the words of wisdom about life and adventure and courage and hope.

The next thing was the dog bit the postman. The postman lived with a pretty sour-looking wife down Chipman's Lane, and Patty and Ian walked down there in the afternoon to ask how he was. The postman's wife came to the door of the neat little cottage that stood in the middle of what seemed once to have been a market garden, only it had rather gone to rack and ruin. There were glasshouses there with a good bit of broken glass scattered all round them.

"Serve him right for not taking care," said the postman's wife. "No, he told me nothing about it, miss. He'd know better. And is that the dog that bit him, miss?" she asked, in an almost congratulatory fashion. She patted Beeloo on the head. That was how things were between her and the postman.

"Well, he won't be bothering you any more doggie. For we're leaving here. Yes, moving down to the council houses. What with him being away so much, I don't seem able to manage the place. Too much for me, it is, and the doctor, he says I ought to rest more, now. So we're getting rid of the place."

Ian said nothing at all. It was a dear little house, with oak beams and a vine on it.

The board's decision was dropped by the new postman, whom mercifully Beeloo approved of, on a Wednesday afternoon. Patty was making a cake artfully out of nothing and a few drops of cold water and some flour. Ian had dropped in for his cup of tea. Miss Chovey was taking a trot with Beeloo in the garden under the apple trees.

"WELL, Pat," said Ian. "Nix on further soldiering for me—"

She said: "Oh dear, do you mind much?"

"I thought I was going to, Pat. But somehow I don't. Somehow"

He stood watching her little pink hands puddling about in the basin. Her arms were all powdery with flour. Very gently he took hold of one of her hands, and bent and kissed the little blue vein in the hollow in the inside of her elbow.

"Oh," said Pat. "I—I did hope you would! And you aren't horribly sad, darling, after all?"

"Did you think anything about that market garden?" he asked.

"Oh, I did. But I didn't like to say anything—"

"You and I could be very happy. Pat, in that little house, with roses red and violets blue, and all the rest of it."

He kissed her.

"Do you think you could bear to marry the gardener?"

"Darling," she said. "You've got flour on your nose—"

"We'll raise rabbits and chickens, and grow everything that can be grown. We haven't much money, but we've courage and hope, and youth. All the things she says are needful."

"And she's right, darling. She's right."

"Well, there's something in what she says," agreed Ian. "And that's a fact."

Apple blossom fell like confetti all about Miss Chovey as she sat busily writing. Things were going marvellously. She was well ahead of schedule with her work. As long as she could give her whole attention to her art, it soared.

"Seize your moment now, to-day, for Old Time is on his way, and the rose that is so bright, withers with the falling night."

She looked up and saw, through the falling apple blossom, Patty and Ian Wallace coming through the garden.

"Well, my dear," said Miss Chovey. "And what can I do for you?"

"Only congratulate us," said Ian.

"We are going to seize the moment ere it fly."

Miss Chovey stared, returned to earth with a bump that left her slightly dazed.

"Buy the little market garden up the road, grow food, keep hens, keep rabbits—"

"Rabbits?" said Miss Chovey, diverted. "I've sometimes thought of rabbits myself. A buck and a doe or two. You might keep them for me, will you, when you start? Earmark me a good set." And then the shadows fell, and she said: "Oh, dear. That will mean you are leaving me."

"I'm afraid it will."

"Everybody leaves me. I simply can't understand it. Even Flora and Albert, whom one would have thought were far too old and sensible—"

"It's all your fault. You make things one hadn't dared think of seem possible. You give people courage and heart," said Patty.

"There must be something," said Miss Chovey. "You are the third couple this year. And we all got on so excellently. Oh, dear!"

"We'll be so near. We shall see lots of you," said Patty.

"It won't be at all the same thing." And Nebuchadnezzar can graze in our meadow," Ian pointed out. "And when you go to London, I will exercise the dog."

She patted his shoulder.

"Dear boy—that will always be something. Well, run along—who knows—the miracle may happen again."

She removed the sheet she had been working on from the typewriter, put in a fresh one, and wrote, sadly:

WANTED. Single-handed gardener and useful man. Also cook-housekeeper to take entire charge of busy literary lady's country cottage. Must be animal lover."

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ALL MEN "GO FOR" A
CLEAR FRESH SKIN
★
GOOD HEALTH BRINGS IT
THIS SIMPLE HOME WAY...



Thousands of instances bear witness that correct health habits bring in their train the thrilling loveliness of a radiantly clear skin, compelling personality and bright, clear eyes. To-day more people realise this than ever before, and turn with increasing confidence to R.U.R. R.U.R. gently removes poisons and wastes from the system. Constipation goes, functional liver and kidney troubles clear away, and with them the pimples and blotches which make life a misery and embarrassment. Try R.U.R. yourself if your skin has been giving you trouble. Get it from your chemist or store, or send 4/- for the small size or 7/6 for the double size to R.U.R., 44, George Street, Sydney.

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The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red blotches, Itch, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

A Friend in need for Pain after meals

De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralizes excess acid in the stomach. Soothes and protects the stomach lining helping to digest your food. Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day.



DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness & similar ailments.

DeWitt's In sky-blue canisters, 2/6
ANTACID POWDER

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, have Broken Rest, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drink, worry, colds, or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys, so that they function poorly, and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way
Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical test, and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically

prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily, saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back.
Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! New in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a **GUARANTEED Treatment** for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Cystex



Skin Deep

ALL-PURPOSE SKIN CREAM

This Advertisement will catch the eager eye of thousands of women who have learned to love the caressing touch of this irreplaceable beauty care, with its soothing magic for dry and tired skin.

*The makers announce with great regret, however, that rather than alter the unique quality of Skin Deep, manufacture has been temporarily discontinued under war conditions.



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To relieve skin irritations
The instant Cuticura Ointment touches the skin itching and irritation stops. Its antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing Cuticura is unbeatable.

Cuticura
OINTMENT

CUTICURA SOAP
CUTICURA OINTMENT
CUTICURA TALCUM

**I GET BETTER
BAKING RESULTS
BECAUSE I INSIST
ON BAKING POWDER
CONTAINING A. & W.
PHOSPHATE AERATOR**



**ALL BAKING POWDERS
NOW CONTAIN
PHOSPHATE AERATOR**



YOU DESERVE THE BEST RESULTS FROM YOUR BAKING.

"A&W" gives you fine textured sponges, delicious cakes, light scones and all kinds of tasty and tempting dishes where baking powder is used.

By using baking powder made with only "A&W" Phosphate Aerator you can be certain of the best results.

"A&W" does more than rise the mixture . . . it adds nutritional value to your food, because phosphates are valuable for sturdy growth and good health, particularly in growing children.

*** DEFINITION**

A Phosphate Aerator describes the ingredient in baking powder which makes your baking "rise."

"A & W" Aerator is better than other rising agents because it has superior self-raising qualities.

"A & W" is an abbreviation for the name Albright & Wilson, famous for 100 years as manufacturers of fine chemicals and aerators.



The one weak link in Australian agriculture, apart from the question of rainfall, is the low phosphate content of the soil which brings about a low phosphate percentage in wheat flour. A constant supply of phosphate is necessary for every living part of the body and particularly for the growing bones of the child. Phosphate baking powder thus offsets a deficiency which, uncorrected, would impair health. Specially written by Professor W. A. OSBORNE, M.B., D.Sc., F.A.C.S.

**FOR BETTER BAKING
ADDED FOOD VALUE
AT NO EXTRA COST**

USE BAKING POWDER CONTAINING ONLY
A&W PHOSPHATE AERATOR

The A&W Seal on the tin is the hallmark of quality



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